

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL XXXV NO 22
AUGUST 26 1905

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HOUSEHOLD NUMBER FOR SEPTEMBER



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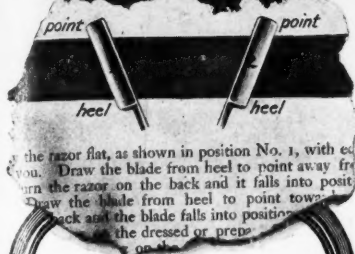
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



CHURCH, STATE, AND LABOR AT WILKESBARRE

President Roosevelt, Cardinal Gibbons, and President John Mitchell of the United Mine Workers of America, at the great joint meeting of the Mine Workers and the Catholic Total Abstinence Union at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, August 10. The speakers' platform in the open air formed an island surrounded by a sea of nearly two hundred thousand people. Eighty thousand miners gathered to welcome the President, whose settlement of the anthracite strike, according to the testimony of Mr. Mitchell, had given them an era of unprecedented prosperity. The crowd was so vast that it was becoming uncontrollable and a disastrous panic was threatened until President Roosevelt's energetic efforts restored order. Cardinal Gibbons spoke for the dignity of labor and the solidarity of society. The President urged on all classes consideration for the rights of others. Mr. Mitchell said that many of the bitter old prejudices had been dissipated and that the prospect of permanent and honorable industrial peace was growing brighter day by day.



RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION must be studied from many points of view by the approaching Congress. The demand for some improvement in our sifting machinery is too strong to be ignored. One suggestion is that the amount of air space demanded of the steamship companies for each person should be increased, and the cost of transportation thus correspondingly raised. An objection, however, to any money test is that under the present system it is found that many of the immigrants most undesirable in health and character are those who will pay the most, through themselves or those who wish to be rid of them. Probably the most effective work will some time be done by American agents at the places from which the immigrants come. Even under the present inadequate system immense numbers are rejected on the other side even at the gangplank. On this side it is far more difficult to accomplish serious and just results. We wish, by the way, that Mr. WILLIAMS, who did so much to improve the immigration work at New York, could be used in that service somewhere by the President. He lost his place for reasons that have not been made public, and would look unfortunate in print, but there is likely at any time to be a position in which his exceptional fitness could again be put to use.

SIFTING NEWCOMERS

LAWYERS HAVE BEEN THE BUTT from time immemorial for jibes about their morals. "Rich men rule the law," said GOLDSMITH, a century and more ago, even as Americans are saying now; and a century before GOLDSMITH it was observed by the author of "Love à la Mode" that the law was "a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yer face while it picks yer pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it." The uncertainty of it is certainly, in all our new commercial problems, greater to-day than it would be if money were not the power it is. The present criticism of legal ethics does not show that lawyers are morally below the rest of us. Probably they average higher than most occupations. The point is that a peculiarly high standard is required of them, if we are to be free to secure the laws we wish and their proper execution. We can not do it while lawyers are led solely by the highest fee. In the last twenty years, Sing Sing has known about four hundred lawyers, and at present the Empire State has 193 in jail, with 16 under indictment in the County of New York. "This is CHOATE," said WENDELL PHILLIPS in 1859, "who made it safe to murder, and of whose health thieves asked before they ventured to steal." PHILLIPS always spoke in violent terms, but the last part of his statement is relevant to too many leading attorneys of our day. We ask a great deal of this profession, by necessity. We ask even as much as DANIEL WEBSTER, who, with his usual noble weight of style, said, "Tell me a man is dishonest, and I will tell you he is no lawyer."

LEGAL ETHICS

"MEN WHO HIRE OUT their words and anger" must always be in danger of seeing life not as a compelling reality, but as a game, and this is the greatest danger that confronts the attorney of high principle. Often quoted, indeed, are those words of Lord BROUGHAM, in the defence of Queen CAROLINE: "An advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world, that client and none other." To protect this client is "the highest and most unquestioned of his duties," and he must regard as nothing the consequences to any other, even if that other be his native land. Such a howl went up over the declaration in this form that BROUGHAM e deavored to whittle it a trifle, but on that principle many first-rate lawyers are content to stand. Fidelity to the client is a necessary and admirable dogma in its place, when not exaggerated, but the lawyer, like everybody else, is a citizen also, and he is a bad citizen when he sells his talents in opposition to his conviction; or when he lets his conviction live too intimately with his pocket.

A PERVADING FALLACY

COMMISSIONS EXIST for the Promotion of Uniformity in Legislation in the United States. They have accomplished something, in an obscure way, for the uniformity of mercantile procedure, but they have naturally been incapable of handling so difficult a topic as divorce. Among subjects in which there is any call for uniformity, divorce is the most difficult, because on it public opinion is most sharply divided. The action of the last

Pennsylvania Legislature, attempting to secure a conference at Washington, is likely to be followed in other States, but the probability of success is hardly large enough to see. South Carolina is as absolute as the Catholic Church against divorce on any grounds; South Dakota practically grants divorce at will; and between these two the laws vary widely, New York, for instance, admitting but one cause, while most States have several. Illinois has just made her law about remarriage more stringent, but the change makes slight difference to persons sufficiently well-to-do to travel a little before the ceremony. Until public opinion sets itself more strenuously against divorce practically for incompatibility, and remarriage at discretion, the laws will accomplish about as much as laws usually do when not backed by conviction in the people. The present agitation, however, will have the desirable effect of increasing the number of persons who think seriously about a matter that is serious.

UNIFORMITY IN DIVORCE

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE WRITES about the best English and about the best morals turned out by American journalism to-day. Racy without a touch of slang, he is earnest but never prim. Money, political ambition, attentions from those in positions of authority, personal antipathies—none of these things can turn him from the even and happy sanity of his ways. This buoyant and wise penetration shows in his last analysis, as in all that have preceded it. The West heard THOMAS W. LAWSON'S remedy for existing ills, and saw, in WHITE'S admirably brief expression, that it "was a stock-broker's remedy." The West rejected it, because its property is not in stocks and bonds, and because the proposal was a moral wrong. As the colored woman who was asked to fly replied: "You g'wan, niggah, you insultin' me. I let you know I ain't dat kind a lady, and beside, how fur you 'spose me gwine to fly on foh bits?" The West views the financial perils of the day with "strenuous complacency." It listens to patent automatic reform propositions, but reveals a disposition to take the next car. Mr. LAWSON, as Mr. WHITE condenses it, "probably left with the impression that he would have ample time to get dressed before the cataclysm which he predicted would arrive."

WHITE ON LAWSON

WIRES ARE AT WORK, already, although mostly underground, for the Republican nomination in 1908. Secretary TAFT is undoubtedly at present in the lead, which does not mean necessarily that his is the strongest chance. We doubt if it is much, if any, greater than Governor DENEEN'S. DENEEN has been making an impressive record in his office, not only supporting wise and progressive legislation, but showing the ability to have it passed. He is at once a reformer and a man of true executive ability. He is not conservative, but he is safe. He has sometimes been "practical" in details which have caused us disquiet, but that kind of compromise seems to grow rarer with him as time and experience pass over him. Mr. ROOT'S weakness as a candidate would be his long record in the service of corporations, which would give the Democrats an easy issue if they nominated a sound but radical man like FOLK. SHAW and FAIRBANKS we do not take as serious possibilities. LA FOLLETTE is likely to be deemed not quite safe. Of course there is always the dark horse, but certainly TAFT and DENEEN have the best of the outlook now.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES

FOR THE PARTY OUT OF OFFICE the prospect for the next election, while not altogether alluring, is better than it has been for some years. Theoretical crankiness seems likely to play an inconspicuous rôle. Instead of a lot of HILLS, BELMONTs, and MCCARRENS fighting against a set of Populists, we seem likely to have an agreement on some real Democrat. Mr. FOLK at present is the only person conspicuously probable. If a Democrat is elected Governor of New York in 1906, especially if he be a popular personality who stands notably for non-mercenary politics, like Mr. JEROME, he will immediately become a leading factor. If the tariff issue should become real, some man like Governor DOUGLAS would bear toward the front. The HEARST, WATSON, LAWSON contingent will be on hand, and will gain strength if there is anything corresponding to the PARKER movement of 1904, but otherwise that element, in the continuance of good times, will either be insignificant or it will fall in behind some Democrat of the ROOSEVELT type.

AMONG THE DEMOCRATS



WE HAVE CALLED MR. DENEEN a "reformer," but the term is hardly accurate. He helped put a "uniform and compulsory" primary law through the Legislature, with certain features of the direct primary; also a State civil service law, and laws authorizing regulation of gas and electric light companies, to say nothing of the valuable laws relating to the government of Chicago, carrying the movement toward a new charter as far as public sentiment in Chicago now allows. He takes these steps, however, not as a theorist, but as a practical politician who has conscience enough to serve the people. The vested interests do not love him, and the machine politicians have been disappointed to find him put the people ahead of the organization; but the vested interests can not call him dangerous, and the machine politicians do not look upon him as one of the race of outside cranks. He was bred in the machine, and he has simply enlarged with his enlarging opportunities. He has difficulties ahead. The primary law is not as thorough as he would have liked, and how it will work is not yet known. Many of his appointments are still to be made, although they have thus far averaged high. The contending factions in his party, especially as regards the senatorship, are bitter and hard to steer between. But as far as can be seen at present, the Governor of Illinois is one of the most admirable and successful officials now upon the scene.

THE GOVERNOR
OF ILLINOIS

WHEN, IN 1854, Mr. GADSDEN of South Carolina concluded with Santa Ana a treaty by which we acquired the strip of territory between the Gila River and the present southern boundary of Arizona, the North looked askance on all territorial gains in that direction, fearing a slave empire that should include Mexico and perhaps even the southern continent. Few except those who wanted to run a railroad through this territory had any idea of its value. No one seemed to appreciate the consequences of a step by which, in omitting to buy a strip of land a few miles wide, we threw away one of the richest deltas in the world, and gave to Mexico the control of the mouth and ocean entrance of a great river two thousand miles of which were wholly within United States territory. The omission of the fathers is now being visited upon their children. Just above Yuma, the United States Reclamation Service is building a diversion dam which will carry the waters of the Colorado upon the fertile desert lands bordering the river down to the Mexican boundary. There, as far as this country is concerned, development must stop. In the same neighborhood, a private irrigation company has taken out a great canal, which must travel through some fifty miles of Mexican territory before it reaches its destination in southern California—a project inevitably embarrassed by the complications of conflicting water rights and boundary. Geographically speaking, it is as absurd that Mexico should control the mouth of the Colorado as that Great Britain should still hold New York or New Orleans as a colony. Some day we may want this strip badly enough to buy it outright. But we shall have to pay dearly for that which once we might have acquired almost for nothing.

THE COURSE
OF HISTORY

PERILS LOOK ABSURD to those who are supposed to form them. BOURKE COCKRAN's eloquent defection to imperialism comes at a time when it harmonizes with a French hysterical outburst about American aggression, or "Yankee imperialism," and the American peril. Mr. ROOSEVELT, our strenuous leader, according to this view, was elected "against all considerations of pure politics." "The world for Americans" is our motto. Our resources are dread-inspiring. Our imperialism "describes circles of warlike conquest and moral influence by means of which, day by day, it tightens its hold on the world." Why do we do all this? For woman, lovely woman, our worshipful American breed of them—and to the Gaul the instigation is all-sufficient. Our French critic calls upon the "Slavic group" and the "Latin sisters" to save the world from the American menace, as "there is room for all in the House of the Lord." In New England there is a French Canadian peril, sprung from the fact that the race of Champlain and of Frontenac has forestalled our admirable President in its appreciation of the duty of multiplication. The "Slavic group" and the "Latin sisters," invading Ellis Island, terrify us with Russian, Austrian, and Italian perils, just as we used to be panic-stricken by Irish and German dangers. And yet the world keeps on spinning about the same old axis.

AMERICAN
AGGRESSION

STRAIGHT-FRONT CORSETS are going out. At least so the dressmakers have decreed, and their usually stupid and time-serving word is law. The round kind, whatever they be called, that crush all the organs into the space of one, are to be restored, to give variety to the female form and work to the profession which flourishes by making new garments while the old are still as good as new. Modern male dress is ugly and hygienic. Modern European and American female apparel substitutes an artificial idea of beauty for one which was good enough for PHIDIAS. In place of a covering which respected the functions and needs of a healthy human animal, our women have invented a cage to decrease their vitality and make a natural life difficult and rare. Sheep rush madly about a pasture, not in search of any comprehensible ideal, but because one sheep started, and emotion increases with each sheep that joins. Likewise reasonable is the tendency of women to imitate an hour-glass in despite of nature. The straight-front corset has been perfectly satisfactory to her, and she has no idea why she is about to give it up.

STEPPING
BACKWARD

"THERE WAS A COURTLY VIVACITY about the fellow," said JOHNSON, whereas (continues GARRICK) he was the most vulgar ruffian that ever trod the boards." Not only is one side of the shield silver and the other gold; not only does one man's eye see courtly vivacity where another's with equal certainty sees ruffianly vulgarity; but the same eye changes with the day.

"He thought he saw an elephant playing on a fife.
He looked again and saw it was a letter from his wife."

These quotations are from memory, but whether or not exact they elucidate the feelings of friendly scepticism with which we have been reading an address on "Social Life in Central Illinois in Pioneer Days." It was a charming time and place, no doubt, but to Mr. HAINES, looking backward, it gains a light that never was. "Loveliness, rather than beauty," he says, "was woman's greatest attraction at the time of which I write." Beauty, we fancy, counted just about the same in 1805 as now. "There were few or no sallies or attempts at trifling with the true, pure feelings of the heart, now called flirting." "Football had not yet come to pollute the purer taste of that day to its brutal grade of barbarity and cruelty." This, if Mr. HAINES were of a newer day, would seem a bit severe. "Loafing was yet unknown." And yet TOM LINCOLN had his hands full to make ABRAHAM do the work he, TOM, disliked to do himself. As candidates for office "the best, wisest, and most competent men were always sought and selected." Blue pencil "always." Even the happily obsolescent habit of pressing people to eat more than they desire seems a virtue to our kind old pioneer. In retrospect it seems to him now, as it did then, "a new Garden of Eden, without a serpent. Knowledge was ours, our eyes were opened, and we feared no fall." A country, he says, can be young but once. True, O worthy pioneer; and a man also, unless he is of the exceptional and lucky temperament that is young always.

OLD TIMES
IN ILLINOIS

THERE'S NOTHING IN A NAME, cries Juliet. There's everything in words, Mephistopheles replies. Take your choice. Truth lies in each. Many a flower that sits in glory by the road is neglected because of the class in which it is carelessly included. COWPER says:

"But they whom truth and wisdom lead
Can gather honey from a weed."

As if what we call weeds were not often as full of honey as any that we call a flower. A plant which is not degenerate, but rather hardy, prolific, and able to survive, is punished with the derogatory name, not only because its strength makes it an obstacle to the farmer and his crops, but for the mere reason that it is common. The very word "common," indeed, as applied to persons, has a meaning of contempt—which is snobbery or pharisaism carried rather far. In the true Democracy of vegetable life, weed would be a term of praise. In Sicily a plant called Genesta is seen along the roads and is always spoken of as a weed. In New York the price of it is \$5.00 for a pot.

WHAT IS
A WEED?

THE PEACE CONFERENCE AT PORTSMOUTH



Mr. Takahira

Baron Komura and Admiral Menie

THE JAPANESE COMMISSIONERS ARRIVING AT THE NAVY YARD



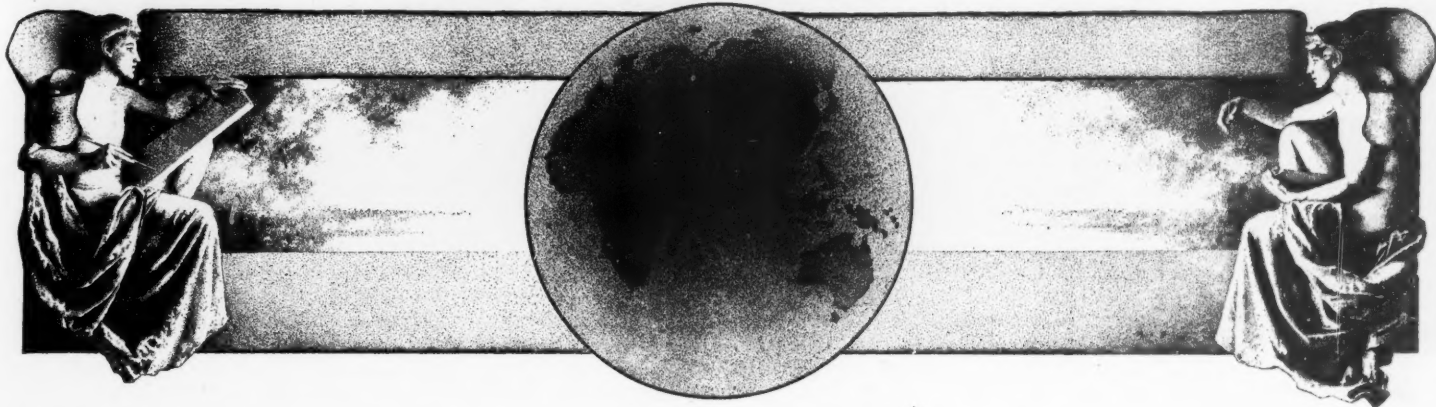
Baron de Rosen

M. de Witte

Asst. Sec. of State Pierce

THE RUSSIAN CONFEREES ENTERING THE COURT-HOUSE AT PORTSMOUTH TO ATTEND GOVERNOR McLANE'S RECEPTION

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



PEACE ENVOYS AT WORK

THE PEACE CONFEREES began their work under discouraging conditions, but with an evident determination that if their undertaking were to fail it should be by no fault of theirs. Despatches from St. Petersburg indicated that failure was regarded there as a foregone conclusion. Apparently the Czar had marooned his envoys at Portsmouth and turned his attention to other matters. But however far apart the ideas of St. Petersburg and of Tokio might be, the plenipotentiaries at Portsmouth proceeded on the theory that they had been sent in good faith to try to make peace, and that their duty would not be done as long as any possibility in that direction remained open. They held their first meeting on the morning of August 9. It had been thought that there might be some trouble over the Russian credentials, but the powers of M. de Witte and of Baron de Rosen were found to be entirely satisfactory, and the only hitch came from the failure of the Japanese envoys to bring their own credentials from the hotel to the meeting place. This was promptly settled, neither side showing any disposition to cavil over non-essentials.

JAPAN'S DRASTIC TERMS

THE JAPANESE LOST no time, but presented their entire list of demands in writing at the second day's meeting. M. de Witte was anxious to have the terms made public, and to make known the proceedings of the conference from day to day, but Baron Komura insisted upon secrecy. Nevertheless what purported to be a statement of the Japanese terms at once leaked out and was commented upon in all the capitals of the world as if there were no doubt of its authenticity. The victors' demands were alleged to be, in substance:

Recognition of Japan's preponderance of influence in Korea.

Cession of the Chinese Eastern Railway below Harbin.

Abandonment to Japan of Port Arthur and the Liao-Tung Peninsula.

Cession of the island of Sakhalin.

Grant of fishing privileges at the mouth of the Amur.

Recognition of the independence of China.

Evacuation of Manchuria.

Grant of commercial privileges at Vladivostok.

Transfer to Japan of the Russian warships interned at neutral ports.

Limitation of Russian naval forces in the Far East.

Reimbursement of the cost of the war to Japan.

Return to China of the Russian mining privileges in Manchuria.

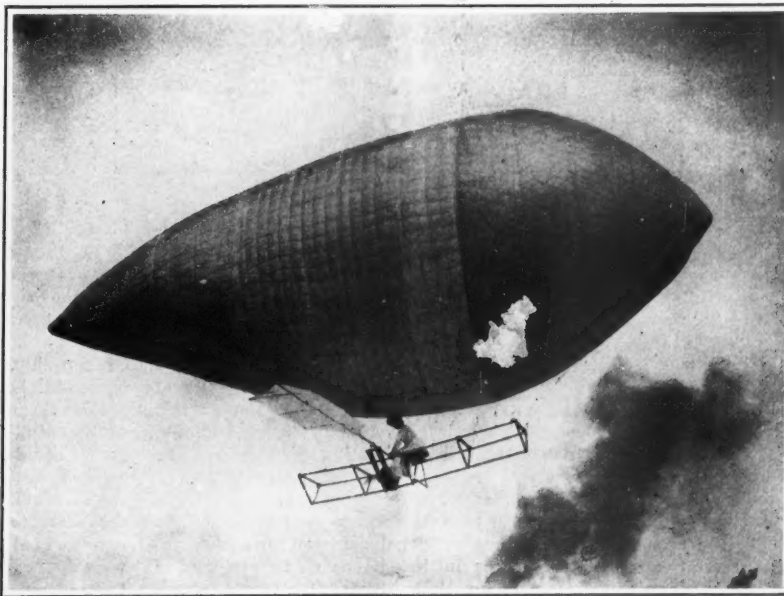
The Japanese terms were cabled to St. Petersburg and were promptly declared by every organ of Russian public opinion to be totally inadmissible. The Russian envoys immediately prepared an answer accepting some and rejecting others. There was a general fear that the negotiations

The Peace Conference has begun active work. Meanwhile France and England, the allies, respectively, of Russia and of Japan, have sealed a friendship that is almost a formal alliance. President Roosevelt has repeated his warning to corporations to obey the laws. The returns show that we are having at the same time the greatest crop year and the greatest manufacturing year in our history

would break off at this point. But Baron Komura made it evident that he had not presented an ultimatum, but merely a basis for discussion. He asked that the terms be taken up and considered one by one, and the Russians consented.

ROCKS IN THE COURSE OF PEACE

THE TWO CRUCIAL points, on which agreement seemed most difficult, were those of the cession of Sakhalin and of indemnity, disguised under the polite term "reimbursement." These



THE REYNOLDS "AERIAL ROWBOAT," NAVIGATED BY A WOMAN AT LOS ANGELES

the Russians declared were inconsistent with their national honor, and not justified by the military situation. They objected with equal vigor to the demand for the interned ships and for the limitation of Russian naval strength in the Pacific, but they did not take these so seriously, because they did not expect Japan to insist upon them. They declared that they never would give up Sakhalin, although it was not easy to see how they expected to get it back without a navy. A favorite suggestion among the satellites of the Russian envoys was that Russia might buy back the possession of the island, and so settle the cession and indemnity questions together. An agreement upon the first point, relating to Korea, was reached on August 14.

AUTOCRACY AND WAR

THE REVIVAL of the war spirit in Russia has been taken by the Government as a respite from internal wreck. It had been promised that a proclamation convoking a National Assembly would be issued on August 12, but when the day came there was another postponement. The accepted explanation was that the call would be held back until the fate of the peace conference was decided, so that if the negotiations failed the admission of the people to a share in the Government could be made to stir up enthusiasm for the war. Meanwhile Oyama's plans for crushing Linevitch, whose front stretches over the unheard-of length of three hundred miles, are believed to be complete, and the Japanese intimate that if their terms are not accepted they will send a fleet to bring the realities of war home to Russia in the Baltic and the Mediterranean. General Linevitch has twenty army corps, each of about 30,000 men, or something like 600,000 men in all, with 800 guns. Oyama has about as many. If another general engagement is fought it will depose Mukden from its rank as the greatest battle of history.

A NEW AFFECTION

WHILE ONE PORTSMOUTH has been watching the efforts of enemies to make peace, another has witnessed the effusive sealing of a new-born international friendship. The visit of a French fleet to Portsmouth, England, in return for the recent visit of a British fleet to Brest, has been made the occasion for an outburst of affection not paralleled since the effervescent infancy of the Franco-Russian alliance. The French squadron of eighteen battleships, cruisers, and torpedo-boat destroyers was welcomed in the Solent by King Edward and a British squadron on August 7, and a week of uproarious festivity followed. So demonstrative was the affection between the new-made friends that some of the English newspapers even printed articles in

French. King Edward reviewed the combined French and British fleets of seventy vessels on August 9, and the shade of Nelson was put to indignant flight by the spectacle of the tricolor flying from the masthead of the *Victory* and the sound of bands playing "The Marseillaise" on her deck.

THE PRESIDENT TO THE MINERS

AT WILKESBARRE, PENNSYLVANIA, on August 10, Mr. Roosevelt addressed what was perhaps the greatest audience of any kind, and certainly the greatest audience of workingmen, that ever tried to listen to a President of the United States. Eighty thousand coal miners were there,

and something like a hundred thousand other persons. The occasion was a joint meeting of the United Mine Workers of America and the Catholic Total Abstinence Union. The intimations that another anthracite strike was impending had created general anxiety to know what would be said. Cardinal Gibbons delivered a conciliatory address, and President John Mitchell, of the United Mine Workers, said that thanks to the efforts of the Chief Executive the conditions of life and labor among the miners had been materially improved, and the whole mining community had "enjoyed an era of prosperity unprecedented in the history of the hard-coal regions." President Roosevelt's speech was devoted chiefly to moral exhortations, for which the part taken by the temperance organizations in the ceremonies furnished a convenient opening. The President committed himself to unreserved approval of the qualities of "knowledge, foresight, thrift, and courage." He urged the wage-workers to be sober and temperate. He condemned the drunkard, but bestowed pity upon his wife and children. He maintained that any man was "wholly unfit to take part in the work of governing others" unless he could first govern himself. He declared that these rules applied just as much to the capitalist as to the wage-worker. Mr. Roosevelt did not gratify the curiosity of those who had expected some definite light on the labor outlook in the mining regions, but skilled interpreters of oracles found some significance in his observation:

"I strongly believe in trades unions wisely and justly handled, in which the rightful purpose to benefit those connected with them is not accompanied by a desire to do injustice or wrong to others."

A WARNING TO CORPORATIONS

FROM THE MINERS' meeting the President hurried to Chautauqua, where he defended his policy in the matter of Santo Domingo, and urged corporations not to disobey the laws. He warned the men who resented all Government supervision of their doings that they would either have to submit to reasonable regulation by the national authorities or ultimately to submit to "governmental action of a far more drastic type." He suggested legislation requiring all corporations engaged in interstate commerce to produce proof that they were "not parties to any contract or combination or engaged in any monopoly in interstate trade in violation of the Anti-Trust law," and to bind themselves to furnish any evidence required by the Department of Commerce with regard to their interstate trade. The President continued to display his curious reluctance to go behind corporations and hold the men they concealed to personal responsibility, although he did bring himself to the point of admitting that "in some cases, such as that of at least certain of the beef packers recently indicted in Chicago," it was "impossible longer to show leniency."

CANADA THE FUTURE WHEAT GRANARY

THE OUTLOOK in the Canadian Northwest still promises the greatest wheat crop on record. The prospects are good for a harvest of 100,000,000 bushels, representing not less than 70,000,000 bushels for export. At the same time it is estimated that Russia will raise 140,000,000 bushels less this year than last. Canada has had the unusual and delightful combination of an unprecedented crop and an almost unprecedented price. Helped by a corner, the rate at Winnipeg ran up at the beginning of this month to \$1.35 per bushel—the highest point ever reached in that market. The position of Canada as the future granary of Great Britain is no longer dependent in any degree upon tariff coddling on the Chamberlain plan. The homestead entries in the Northwest are more numerous in 1905 than last year, and that means still greater crops hereafter. The growth of population in the United States requires at least eight million more bushels of wheat every year than the year before for home consumption, and even now it takes a good crop to leave anything at all for export. The question of preferential duties abroad will soon cease to interest American farmers, who will

have withdrawn entirely from the foreign trade within a few years at the latest. Such bonanza crops as the United States is preparing to harvest this year delay the inevitable, but can not prevent its arrival.

A BONANZA YEAR

THE NEW CROP BOARD at the Department of Agriculture turned in a report for August calculated to make the bears of Wall Street go into premature hibernation. It showed that 1905 promised to be a record year in American farming. The wheat crop was estimated at 709,731,000 bushels—over 100,000,000 bushels more than last year's yield, and the largest in our history, with the single exception of the crop of 1901. The corn prospects indicate the colossal yield of 2,698,116,000 bushels, the greatest on record without a single exception. We are raising about as much corn this year as all the wheat grown in the entire world. Oats, barley, rye, buckwheat,



A LOST TREASURY OF ART

The ruins of St. Thomas' Church, New York, burned August 8, with two of La Farge's finest paintings, a bronze bas-relief by Saint Gaudens, and many other artistic treasures

flax, tobacco, potatoes, hay, and rice are all in better condition than the August average for ten years. Hay alone, as may not always be remembered, is worth over a billion dollars in a good year, ranking next to corn and far ahead of wheat or cotton as a money-maker. The value of this year's corn crop is estimated at \$1,618,860,000, and that of the wheat crop at \$617,465,000. The seven great crops of corn, hay, wheat, cotton, oats, barley, and rye for 1905 will probably be worth not less than \$4,200,000,000, or nearly five times the bonded national debt. With such enormous resources in the hands of the farmers of every part of the United States, the coming year's prosperity is assured.

BACK FROM THE NORTH

A CABLE MESSAGE from Honningsvaag, Norway, on August 10, announced the success of the attempt to relieve the Fiala exploring party, the second sent by the late William Ziegler to discover the North Pole. The Fiala expedition was unsuccessful in its undertaking, reaching only eighty-two degrees twelve minutes north latitude, but fortunate in losing only one of its members, and that one from natural causes. The *America*, in which it had sailed from Trondhjem, Norway, on June 23, 1903, was crushed in the ice in Teplitz Bay, just north of Nova Zembla, early in the following winter, and most of the party's supplies were lost. The explorers made use of stores left at Franz Josef Land by previous relief parties and

escaped serious hardships. Mr. Ziegler sent the steamer *Terra Nova*, under his secretary, William S. Champ, to search for the Fiala party, and after an unsuccessful battle with the elements last year, the relief expedition managed to force its way through the ice floes this summer. Although the explorers have beaten no records, they have made some useful scientific observations. The way is now clear for Peary, whose expedition reached Domino Run, Labrador, on July 20, after a fast voyage, and is believed to be already on the coast of Greenland, or at Cape Sabine, Grinnell Land.

COMPETITION AT PANAMA

THE COSTA RICAN MINISTER at Washington has been notified by Mr. Adey, Acting Secretary of State, that local rates on the Panama Railroad have been reduced, that rates from New York to Panama have been cut approximately in half, that an investigation is now under way looking to the establishment of a flat rate across the Isthmus, that the exclusive contract with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has been abrogated, and that Panama business is now open to all established lines of steamers having regular sailings. Thus the benefits expected from the construction of the canal are already within reach, in large part, although the first ship may not cross the Isthmus for ten years.

NORWAY FOR SECESSION

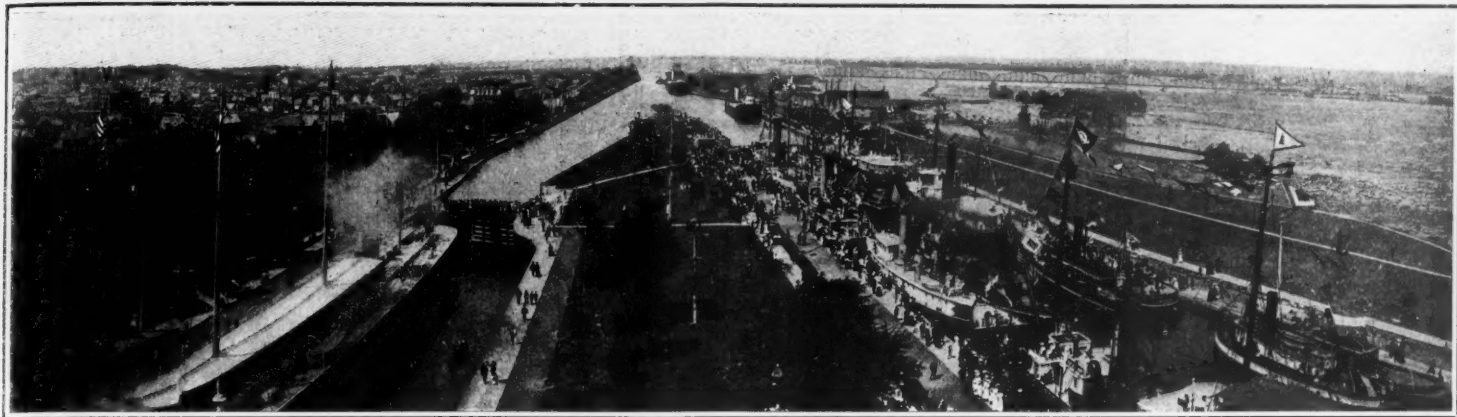
TO MEET THE criticism that the dissolution of the union with Sweden was a *coup d'état* engineered by a group of politicians without consulting the nation, the Provisional Government submitted the question to the people in a referendum on Sunday, August 13. Out of 450,000 qualified voters in the kingdom, 320,000 went to the polls, and practically all of them voted for secession. The opposition, which amounted to no more than one in three thousand, hardly deserved to be counted as "scattering." With this solid popular backing the Government is prepared to negotiate with Sweden. It displays a conciliatory spirit in all matters of detail, making the recognition of independence its only essential condition, and as the Swedes are willing to concede that if their wishes are met in other directions the danger of a clash seems to be over.

FROM FARMING TO MANUFACTURING

OUR GREAT TRADE balances of the past, by which we have been enabled to pay our Civil War debts and secure the capital needed for the development of the country, have been due chiefly to our enormous exports of farm products. The returns for the fiscal year 1905 show that we are rapidly preparing for the inevitable time when we shall cease to figure in the world's agricultural markets. Of our total exports of \$1,518,561,720 in that year no less than \$543,620,297, or more than one-third of the whole, came under the head of domestic manufactures. Our sales in that department increased by \$91,175,000 in a year. In iron and steel manufactures alone our exports for 1905 amounted to \$134,727,921. The value of cotton goods exported more than doubled in a year, and we sold nearly seven times as much cotton cloth to China in 1905, before the boycott, as in 1904. While our exports of manufactures were increasing by nearly one-fourth in a year, our exports of agricultural products and of all other articles declined. Our sales of manufactured goods have increased in such diverse fields as iron and steel, cotton, books, brassware, bricks, candles, cement, chemicals, clocks and watches, copper, earthenware, glass, gunpowder, rubber goods, jewelry, lamps, leather, paints, paper, plated ware, silk, soap, spirits, tobacco, woollens and zinc.

TWO CANDIDATES

OF THE THREE Presidential candidates in the Cabinet, Secretary Taft scored heavily on August 8, when Representative Payne formally put him in nomination at a great banquet given by the combined Chambers of Commerce at Manila. In his speech on that occasion Governor



THE MARINE PARADE AT THE SAULT STE. MARIE SEMI-CENTENNIAL

The Western States and Provinces of the United States and Canada united on August 2 and 3 in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the construction of the "Soo" canal. The first canal around the Ste. Marie rapids was built by the State of Michigan in 1855. The United States Government took charge of it in 1881 and abolished the tolls. There are now two locks on the American side, one 515 and the other 800 feet long, and one on the Canadian side 1,000 feet long. The Soo canals form by far the greatest artificial water highway of trade in the world.

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Wright begged for a "square deal" for the Philippines, meaning free trade with the United States. Mr. Taft is the foremost advocate of that policy. But on the same day Secretary Shaw, another aspirant for the Presidency, made a bid for the support of the most exclusive devotees of the protection cult. In a speech before the Republican State Convention of Virginia he stated the Chinese wall theory clearly. "Every industrious citizen," he said, "is both a producer and a consumer."

"The dominant party appeals to the producer. It tells him that the question of greatest importance to him is the price at which he disposes of his products, whether those products be labor or the results of labor. The opposition party promises the American consumer the best market in the world in which to buy. The Republican party promises the producer the best market in the world in which to sell. Gentlemen, we can not have both."

Ignoring the official statistics published by his own party administrations, which show that high daily wages in many lines of industry produce goods at the lowest net labor cost in the world, Mr. Shaw proceeded to elaborate the "cheap-coat, cheap-man" theory expounded with such painful results by the late President Harrison. "Cheap products of labor," he asserted, "mean cheap labor. Cheap factory product carries as a concomitant curse low wages for the artisan, and low wages for the artisan mean curtailed consumption of farm products." For instance, as Mr. Shaw might have added if time had permitted, the workers who make dollar watches in America earn only about three times as much wages as those who make three-dollar watches in Switzerland.

FOREST PARKS FOR CITIES

MR. CAMERON CORBETT has given nine thousand acres of picturesque woodland to the city of Glasgow for a recreation ground. This gift suggests one of the directions in which American cities still have room for improvement. Their urban parks are equal to any in the world, but they have done substantially nothing as yet in the way of providing great natural pleasure grounds outside of their own limits. The forest devoted to the recreation of the people of Glasgow is about eleven times as large as Central Park, and larger than all the parks of New York combined. There are seventy thousand acres of public forests within forty miles of Paris. One of them alone, the Forest of Fontainebleau, covers forty-two thousand acres, nearly seventy square miles, or some fifty times the area of Central Park. Our national parks and forest reservations in the West throw even this in the shade, but they are not accessible to the people of the Eastern cities. Heretofore the need for public spaces in the country has not been realized, because everybody has had the run of the woods without the need of in-

quiring into their ownership. But now that all the land within reach of the great cities is being fenced in for private preserves, the public must have preserves of its own, or let its old woodland instincts die of disuse.

THE LOOMIS BROOM

MR. FRANCIS B. LOOMIS, the eminent reformer, who was sent abroad by President Roosevelt to investigate the weak points of our diplomatic service, has returned charged with information, which he laid before the President after the departure of the peace envoys from Oyster Bay. Mr. Loomis has found many defects in the conduct of our foreign affairs, and promises extensive reforms. Antiquated methods in the State Department are to be abolished, the cable and telegraph are to be more freely used, a clearing house of information is to be established, and the whole service is to be reorganized on business principles.



PLUGGING THE COTTON LEAK IN THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Since Wall Street cleared illicit millions by smuggling out advance information of the crop reports, the persons making the estimates have been guarded like the candidates in a Chinese civil service examination. They sit in a picketed room with drawn shades. Their report is sent over a telephone to the girl who appears in this photograph. She reads the figures aloud. The young man in the foreground clicks them at once to all the stock tickers in the country, and the one at the telephone gives them simultaneously to the press.

Mr. Loomis did not say whether the plans of reform included arrangements that would enable our representatives abroad to do their banking without the help of corporations on whose behalf they were exerting diplomatic pressure.

TIRING OF THE BOYCOTT

THE SHANGHAI CHAMBER of Commerce, which started the boycott on American goods in China, is growing tired of it and trying to call it off. It is spreading far beyond the expectations of its original promoters, and is having unforeseen consequences. It is causing heavy losses

to the boycotting merchants themselves, as well as to the European traders, who have been encouraging it in the hope of profiting by the misfortunes of their American rivals. When Chinamen refuse to help unload an American ship, to deal with an American bank, to handle a case of American goods, or to work for an American employer, the effects of their action can not be confined to Americans. Meanwhile the reports of our consuls show how active and growing was our trade in China before this blight fell upon it. Consul Anderson, at Amoy, reports that our acetylene gas machines have been "making a good fight for a hold upon the lighting business in China," and are likely to get most of that line of it. Practically all the calcium carbide used in China is American. Good openings have been offering for wind pumps and rice-hulling machinery. We have sold more cotton goods to China in the last year than to all the rest of the world. We have been doing an immense business in kerosene and flour, the latter checked, however, by the unfortunate circumstance that a lot of morphia was smuggled into one consignment and killed thirty or forty of our customers. Americans have had the lead in the dye trade in China. Our manufacturers have been pushing paper and soap, and the outlook for glass has been promising. In all these lines the boycott threatens paralysis, but the more intelligent Chinese are beginning to realize that they are playing with a dangerous weapon.

THE CANADIAN SALARY GRAB

THE OLD "BACK-PAY" scandal that emptied so many seats in the American Congress thirty years ago has been repeated in Canada. In the closing days of the late session of Parliament the Laurier Government invited all hands at Ottawa to dip into the treasury. Not only did it increase the salaries of members of Parliament, take care of the judges, and provide liberal retiring pensions for Ministers, but it magnanimously gave a handsome special salary to the leader of the Opposition. The result of this open-handed generosity was that partisan jealousies among the legislators were stilled, and the measure went through in a

unanimous burst of approval. But when the members began to hear from their constituents they discovered, as has been discovered on more than one occasion south of the line, that enthusiastic unanimity in the "hauls of legislation" afforded no guarantee of popularity at home. They have been busily engaged ever since in explaining, and some of them have returned the extra money. But Sir Wilfrid's astute precaution of "squaring" the leader of the Opposition in advance has checked the use of the incident for campaign purposes by his political adversaries. The popular indignation has been spontaneous, and the thrifty lawmakers of both parties have suffered from it alike.



Tonto Creek Valley, the north wing of the reservoir basin, from a point near the dam site



Salt River Valley at its junction with Tonto Creek Valley, looking southward from the dam site

THE GREAT TONTO BASIN IN CENTRAL ARIZONA WHICH IS TO BE COVERED WITH WATER OVER TWO HUNDRED FEET DEEP

PIONEERS OF THE DRY PLACES

The second of a series of articles describing the work of the United States Reclamation Service in the arid West. The first article told of the Elephant Butte reservoir dam on the Rio Grande, near El Paso; the next article will describe the work being done with the waters of the Colorado, near Yuma, Arizona, and in the sunken desert of Southern California

BY ARTHUR RUHL

II.—THE SALT RIVER PROJECT

IT LIES like a land enchanted—motionless, silent, awaiting its release. In the clear air, so clear that it seems almost as though there were no intervening atmosphere and the world hung suspended in a vacuum, the terra cotta cliffs, the twisted canyons, and the uncanny growing things—giant cacti, lance-like yucca, snaky *ocotilla*—stand out in vivid relief, detached from any background, like pictures seen through the lenses of a stereoscope. There is no rustle of leaves, no sound of bird or beast—only the heat and the glare and the silence. There is sage-brush, as always where no water is, and gypsum-weed, and many things covered with spines and pricklers; the yucca with its white crest of waxy flowers shows here and there like a lance thrust in among the hot stones, or far up on the sheer face of the cliff it leans out over the canyon like a signal flag, and everywhere the giant cacti stand, deserted telephone-posts by day, ghostly sentinels by night. If it is spring you may meet a bunch of range cattle being driven down to pasture through the labyrinthine canyons where they have wandered in the winter and managed to live; thin-flanked and wild, bridle-wise ponies twisting in and out on the edges of the herd, cowboys sitting low in their deep saddles, only the upper half of their faces showing through handkerchief and sombrero, white with dust. Buried away in an uncharted canyon, where some yellow or terra cotta wall of rock, towering a thousand feet skyward as flat as a blackboard, lights up and glares under the blaze of the setting sun until the ant-man crawling at its foot seems a foolish and futile thing, you may find a prospector, alone with his pack-burro and his pick, hunting the Lost Dutchman or the Nigger Bend, ever penniless, ever hopeful, after the manner of his kind. Except for such breaks as this the enchantment holds unchanged. The sun lifts over the eastern cliffs, and blazes down behind the western; and all the country lies in the shimmer of heat. Nothing moves—only the little lizards whispering over the hot stones, the chameleon close to the bark of the pale *paloverde*, the Gila monster and the rattlesnake sprawled in the sun—and there is no sound.

It is into such a country as this, where no human thing would seem to belong except, perhaps, an Indian painted green, that the engineers have come, with their steam engines and diamond drills and six per cent grade and cement machines. The quest of water, which drives men almost as far as the quest of gold, has brought them into this abode of mystery and desolation and romance. They have dispelled the mystery, as it is always dispelled by that latter stage of civilization—following the hunter and the prospector and the open-range cattleman—which pushes in, glacier-like, slowly to tame the land to the quiet ways of agriculture. And they drive out the old with their new ro-

mance—the magic of man's conquest of inanimate nature, the romance which sends messages clicking in a bee-line across canyons and cliffs where a bird would almost fear to fly; flings the road over the mountain's shoulder and hangs it down the face of the precipice, and, laughing at torrents and deserts alike, sets a sea down here in the heart of the baked rocks and the wilderness.

The Preordained Lake in the Desert

To an engineer it seems that when the world was put together it must have been ordained that at the junction of Salt River and Tonto Creek there should be a reservoir and a dam. To understand this you must first understand the arrangement of things in this heart of Arizona. The Salt River valley lies slightly south of the center of Arizona, and contains something like a million acres of barren land that could be turned into farms were there but the water to put on it. In the old days—that is to say, in the really old days, long before Coronado and his Spaniards came through the country looking for the lost Seven Cities of Cibola—parts of this land were irrigated and some of the ditches which prehistoric folk built are still utilized in canal systems of to-day. Near the upper end of the valley, where the river comes out from its maze of twisted canyons and desolate plateaus to flow in the open down to its junction with the Gila, is the city of Phoenix, the capital of the Territory, and in its neighborhood some two hundred thousand acres are "covered" by canal systems, while one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres are in actual cultivation and yielding richly in alfalfa, grains, and fruit. This is the largest irrigated area in Arizona. Like all desert streams, however, the

Salt is treacherous—squandering itself scandalously in the spring and dwindling away through the rest of the year. As soon as the valley began to settle up and water to become more valuable, it was proven by disheartening experience that the farmers couldn't depend on the river in dry seasons for the land already "covered" by canals, while, in spite of the appalling floods that ran to waste during the spring, the opening up of new land was impossible. As far back as 1889 talk of water storage began and an expedition was sent out to look over possible dam sites. This party explored hundreds of miles of the twisted canyon country, but anything so good as the gateway to the canyon on Tonto Creek, which they discovered, was not to be found in all Arizona. There was no money in sight then for the great dam, and it has taken all these years for the inevitable to work itself out; but meanwhile the people of the valley have made Phoenix into a proper city, and with the natural waters of the Salt River, and of the Verde, which flows down from the Black Hills and the Black Mesa into the Salt some twenty miles above the town, have turned this one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres about Phoenix, Tempe, and Mesa into rich farms, and cultivated patches are strung along the Salt and the Gila, into which it flows, for some seventy-five miles. Every spring from twenty-five thousand to forty thousand range cattle are driven to the valley from the mountains to be fattened on alfalfa for the fall market; there are no end of apricots, figs, dates, and olives; strawberries grow almost all the year round, and oranges, which, so the Arizona people say, have a bouquet unequaled, ripen two months before the bulk of the California oranges are ready for the market. When the new reservoir is built, and the supply of water is not only increased, but made steady,

the river valley farmers believe that they can not only double their acreage, but grow twice as big a crop per acre as they do now.

The site for the dam—the "Roosevelt Dam" it is coming to be called because the engineers named their camp "Roosevelt"—is in a narrow gorge, some sixty-five miles east of Phoenix and buried deep in the heart of that enchanted country behind the Superstition Mountain. Really to have the perfectness of this site hit you squarely, you should take the sixty-mile ride from Mesa across the desert and over the mountains. At Phoenix you leave trolley cars and city streets; at Mesa, up the valley a bit, you leave behind the railroad and all green things, and strike out into the glare and shimmer of heat. Glare and shimmer and blazing rocks—the whole world seemingly petrified in a crystal hemisphere—dry heat that chaps the lips and whisks away water carelessly spilled on shirt-sleeve or boots as it would be whisked away from a stove-lid, and no living thing in sight except, perhaps, the rattlesnake sprawled under the cactus, or a brown dot in a canyon bottom, a mile or



THE GATEWAY IN THE ROCKS—SITE OF THE SALT RIVER DAM

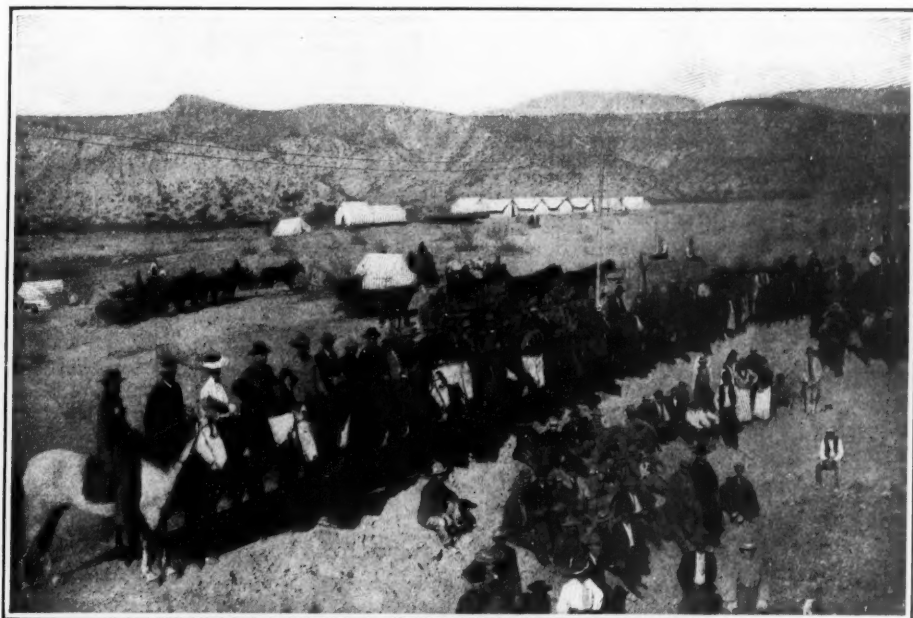
In the distance is Tonto Basin, in which, when the dam is finished, will be a lake twenty-five miles long, from one to one and a half miles wide, and at the lower end two hundred and sixty-five feet deep

two away, some range steer hunting a watercourse, and always the glare and shimmer and blazing rocks—a land which awes and grips you in the spell of its silence and beautiful desolation. Twenty miles through the sage-brush to Goldfield, where the road winds under the Superstition Mountain and begins to lose itself in the twisted ascending valleys; twenty more to Fish Creek Canyon, where it comes out on the top of a precipice one thousand feet sheer, and slides down its yellow face like a rain-spout down the side of an office building; twenty more, trailing round and round the burned flanks of the mountains on the slow climb and descent of a six per cent grade, and then, at last, when only a few warm drops are left in the canteen and the horses' ears are drooping, and dust lies like flour on your clothes and hair and eyebrows, swings out upon a cliff above a narrow ledge, and lo, the mountains suddenly stop short, and there below you, stretching away on either side as far as you can see, is a broad basin, as flat and level as a floor.

From the left Tonto Creek comes down between the Mazatazal Range and the Sierra Anchas, from the right comes the Salt River, and joining on the plain the united streams plunge into the narrow precipitous gorge. This is the dam site. Standing at the top of it you can see the two silver threads of water winding toward each other across the flats, and their low valleys stretching back into the distance like the outstretched wings of a bird. The gateway into the canyon is only one hundred and fifty-eight feet across at the bottom, and at what will be the top of the dam—two hundred and sixty-five feet from bedrock—three hundred feet wide. Its walls are solid rock, whose strata dip thirty degrees from the horizontal toward the valley, as though specially designed to retain stored waters and ensure the stability of a dam. All that needs to be done is to wall up this gateway, and forthwith you have



PART OF THE SIXTY-MILE GOVERNMENT ROAD BUILT OVER THE DESERT AND MOUNTAINS TO THE DAM SITE. SEVEN MILES OF THIS ROAD IS CUT THROUGH SOLID ROCK



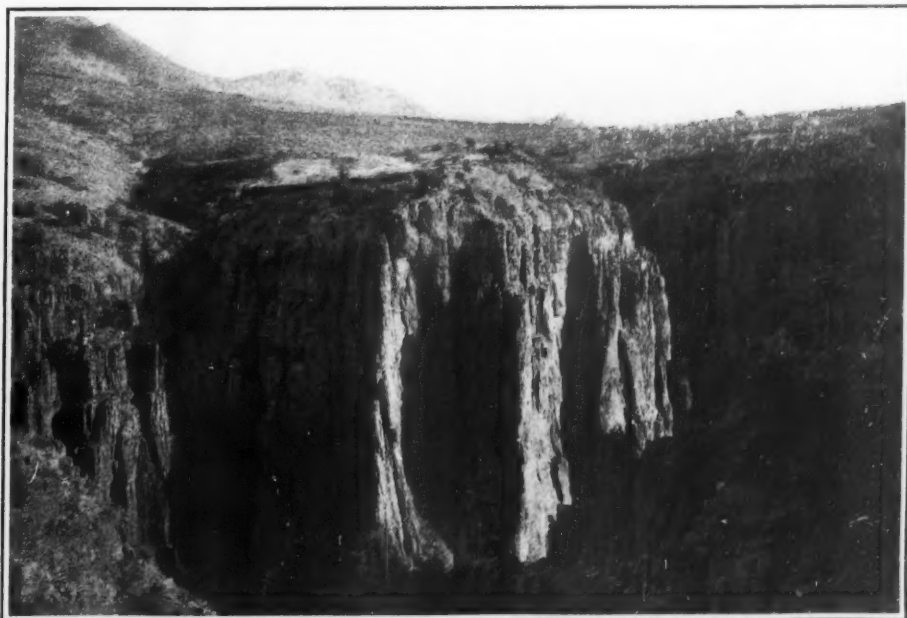
ENGINEERS OF THE UNITED STATES RECLAMATION SERVICE ENGAGED ON THE SALT RIVER PROJECT. THE GROUND ON WHICH THEY STAND IS THE RESERVOIR BOTTOM

created a lake two hundred and sixty-five feet deep at its lower end, from one to one and a half miles wide and twenty-five miles long. You have but to know that sixty miles of desolation behind, and to know what water means in the desert, to feel the fascination of this project for the engineers, to understand how the men who first discovered it must have felt like the prince in the fairy tale, who hewed his way through the jungle and past the dragons and stood before the castle in which the beautiful princess slept.

But it was not only in its situation and its shape that the Salt River Canyon seemed predestined for a dam site. The building of a dam that will back up twenty-five miles of water involves many things besides a cleft in a mountain and a stream flowing beneath. It requires power plants and much machinery, food and lumber and fuel. And these things are very vital indeed when the nearest railroad—a jerkwater branch with light traffic and high rates—is sixty miles away, and everything from engine boilers to tinned food for the men, and fuel for the furnaces, and hay for the horses, must be freighted over a tortuous mountain trail. Very especially a dam requires cement, and cement is not found lying round loose in the heart of an Arizona desert. Indeed, engineers who had looked over the site before the Government took it up declared the project practically impossible, as even were cement manufactured on the spot, the clay for it would have to be shipped to Mesa or Globe and freighted in, and the total cost would be prohibitive. The Reclamation engineers made their reconnaissance, and in the hills, three miles north of the dam site, was any amount of clay suitable for cement burning. Closer still was the necessary limestone for the same purpose. The Government decided to build its own cement mill and make its own cement. The mill cost \$91,000, but it turns out three hundred barrels of cement a day at a cost of \$2 a barrel. Cement purchased outside and freighted to

the dam site would have cost \$9 a barrel. On the two hundred thousand barrels, therefore, the Government saves something like \$1,300,000. This is the side of an engineer's work which doesn't show when the great job is done and the champagne is being cracked on the masonry and the speeches made. The first impulse of the casual layman on discovering such a site as that on Tonto Creek would be to hot-foot back to civilization for a ready-made something to dam it up with; it would never occur to him to go through the long and tedious process of hauling expensive and complicated cement-burning machinery into this region of horned toads and rattlesnakes. And yet a million dollars more or less in such an undertaking is rather a big thing. It might not mean so very much to the Government, but it means a great deal to the farmer, sixty miles away, whose alfalfa or fruit must pay for a great reservoir, and to whom a million dollars in the total cost may mean an added tax of \$5 for every acre he is trying to win back from the desert.

As vital as having cement when the final work is about to begin is—in such a pathless country—having roads to bring in all the preliminary food and fuel and machinery. As soon as the project was finally approved in the spring of 1904, road-building began. One was run up to the clay hills, another across the Tonto Basin to the Sierra Anchas, to timber and a saw mill from which some two million feet of lumber will be taken before the reservoir is completed. Twenty miles more were carried southward to connect with the road to Globe, forty miles away, whence much machinery and building material were freighted. Then came the great highway, the "show" road, sixty miles of it from Mesa to the dam site, smooth as a city street almost, and trailing through a hitherto inaccessible country at only one place with more than a six per cent grade. It cost \$100,000, three-fourths of which the folks of



THROUGH COUNTRY SUCH AS THIS, A LAND OF TWISTED CANYONS AND DESOLATE PLATEAUS, THE STORED WATERS WILL BE CARRIED TO THE FIELDS, SIXTY MILES AWAY



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LEGAL DV

DRAWN BY CHANA GIB



L D V I C E

BY CHARLES ANA GIBSON

Phoenix and little Mesa and Tempe themselves subscribed. Some of it was as expensive as heavy railroad work and cost \$25,000 a mile. For seven miles from the dam down the river it cuts through solid rock, some of the cuts sixty feet deep. The show section is that at Fish Creek Canyon, where, blasted out of the solid rock, it climbs up the sheer face of a precipice over one thousand feet high. Some day there will be a "scenic" trolley line along this road, and from the dizzy summit of Fish Creek Hill—the name doubtless changed by that time to something more lyrical—tourists will gape and brides cling to the coat-sleeves of their intrepid husbands as they do to-day at Pike's Peak or Niagara. But as yet the wilderness is still undomesticated and the enchantment scarcely broken—only the stage swaying downhill, brakes on and horses galloping, the lone prospector trudging patiently through the heat, the black oil-tank and its six-mule team looking like a caterpillar against the blazing rock in the valley below as it goes creeping, creeping, creeping along toward the dam.

Just beyond the dam site, within the basin, is set the camp of the engineers, Roosevelt, like the man in the song, "sixty miles from anywhere," at this jumping-off place of the mountains. Tents and shacks, corrals, endless piles of hay-bales and cordwood, mule trains, and gangs at work and men galloping here and there like messengers on a battlefield—this three hundred feet below you on the flat that is to be covered one of these days under two hundred feet of water. Higher up, at "Roosevelt-on-the-Hill," as the engineers call it in moods of reckless hilarity, with the United States flag flying overhead, are the neat little houses of the engineers, the draughting rooms and the executive offices. Here, at a desk adjoining the chief engineer's office, you may see a very busy young man rapping away on a typewriter and every other minute pulling the telephone receiver

across the desk and talking to some one in Mesa, perhaps, or Phoenix, or down on the flats along a wire which spans canyons and climbs over the heads of the mountains and runs along vertical cliffs, clinging to projections hundreds of feet above the water. In the draughting rooms you will see studious-looking young

"musicales," and a dance in the dining-room once a week, and spring water from Cottonwood Canyon, three miles away, and an ice machine to cool the water which comes out of the pipes at a temperature of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty degrees.

It is impossible in this place to go into the details of this Salt River project, and the many indirect results which will follow the storage of these waters. Briefly summed up, the dam will be two hundred and sixty-five feet in height above bedrock, and about two hundred and forty feet above the present river bed; seven hundred and eighty feet wide at its crest and two hundred and ten feet at the present water level; one hundred and fifty-eight feet thick at the bottom and sixteen feet thick at the top, where will run a cross-canyon roadway. Although built in a circular shape, the dam is of the "gravity section" variety—that is to say, it is sufficiently massive to withstand the enormous pressure of the water behind it merely through its weight, even were the arch principle not applied. It will store one million three hundred thousand acre feet of water—enough to cover one million three hundred thousand acres with water one foot deep. A power canal taken out of the river nineteen miles above the dam will generate at the dam twelve hundred horsepower, which, after the dam is built, will be sent down the valley in the form of electricity to pump up subterranean waters. Under ordinary conditions, water for irrigation will be drawn from the reservoir through the power canal and through a sluicing tunnel, which burrows through the canyon wall at the dam site and enters the natural river bed some four hundred and fifty feet down stream. Three "tandem" gates, controlled from the surface through a shaft in the dam, will deliver water to this tunnel and hold back the head of two hundred feet of water. When floods

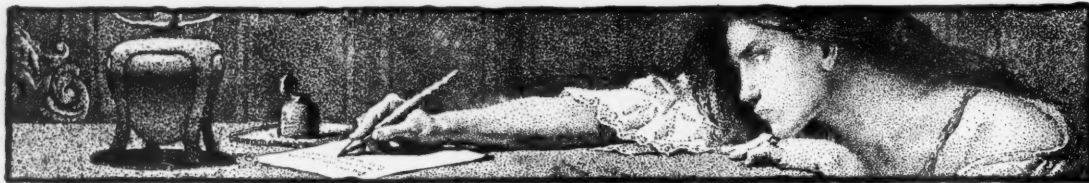
(Continued on page 21)



APACHE INDIANS WORKING AS DAY LABORERS AT ROOSEVELT DAM

men perched on stools drawing topographical maps and working out the details of designs, as self-absorbed as though they were cooped up in some architect's office twenty stories above Broadway. There are electric lights up here at Roosevelt-on-the-Hill, and porcelain bathtubs and a hospital with six beds. They have

enters the natural river bed some four hundred and fifty feet down stream. Three "tandem" gates, controlled from the surface through a shaft in the dam, will deliver water to this tunnel and hold back the head of two hundred feet of water. When floods



THE LETTER WRITTEN AND THE LETTER SENT

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

THE ONE THAT WAS WRITTEN

I AM going to write you the truth. The truth that for five years I have hid with lies and deceit and trickery. I hate you—I hate you—I loathe you. Oh, what a relief it is to say it, to write it, to put it into words. Sometimes I have felt that I must shriek it out to you. But I haven't—oh, no, instead I have smiled and said nice little things, loving little things. How I have fooled you! That has been my one compensation, it has been to me a fiendish joy—the thought that I have fooled you so completely—you, who pride yourself on your discernment, your penetration, your keen insight and knowledge of women. How I have gloated over this and longed for the time when I might hurl it at you, and you would know how you have been fooled and duped and tricked by a woman—the woman who is your wife. Oh, yes, I married you willingly enough. I was not eighteen and had seen no other men. I thought you very great and strong and noble, and was proud and happy that you should care for me.

And now—now, when I look into my heart at the blackness and bitterness and wretchedness there—I smile grimly and think of the girl of five years ago. No, I don't shudder and weep; I did at first, but I have passed that now.

I remember just before the wedding ceremony I ran up to my own room, the room where all the beautiful dream-life of my girlhood had been spent, and I knelt by the bed and thanked God that this great happiness had come to me, and vowed a little vow that all my life I would strive to be worthy of it. Worthy of it! Worthy of it! It is only lately that I have developed a sense of humor. For a long time I failed to see in it any humor. But I do now; it is really very funny if you know how to look at it. Sometimes I feel an infinite pity for that girl, that innocent, ignorant girl that was once myself. But more often it is a boundless contempt for the girl who was such a little fool.

I have played my part well. You have never dreamed that I have hated and loathed you with an intensity that few women could feel.

When you read this, your first thought will be that I have loved some one else. To you that will seem the only explanation possible, the only one that you could understand. But I have loved no one. I have been absolutely true to you. Not from any sense of right or duty or loyalty—for I have had none; but simply because my hatred for you has so consumed me that I have had thought for nothing else.

They say that suffering softens and ennoble,

that it makes one more kindly and gentle and humane. That is a lie. Instead it hardens and embitters and degrades.

Last month when you telegraphed from Detroit that the case was settled and you were returning at once, instead of staying the ten days you planned, I tore that message into strips and I swore—swore. I had been cheated out of ten days of freedom, of release from you, and the strange words came with amazing ease. It was not until afterward that I realized what I had said, and then I felt no regret, only a grim sense of humor.

Sometimes I have stood before my mirror in wonder that the slight, delicately refined woman reflected there should be the woman I know her to be.

And now—I am going away. I could shriek aloud with joy when I think that I shall never see you again—your hands, your voice, the way you walk, each individual thing about you which I hate with an individual hate.

What shall I do? How shall I support myself? I do not know. My accomplishments are not of the bread-winning kind, and yet I shall manage somehow. I can scheme and lie and deceive with the greatest ease and proficiency. Oh, yes, I have learned a number of useful if not admirable traits, and I shall not hesitate to use them. The girl of five years ago would probably have starved; the woman I am now will not starve.

I shall leave this on the pin-cushion. That is the proper place, is it not? And when you read it you must turn deathly white, clutch at a chair and cry, "My God!" With your florid complexion you may have some difficulty in turning white, but then you can try. It would add much to the effect.

THE ONE THAT WAS SENT

Thursday Morning
DEAR JOHN—I am sending by express the heavy underwear and that old shooting jacket you wrote for. I am glad that game is so plentiful there, but am sorry your rheumatism is worse. You had better get that prescription filled that Dr. Brown gave you last winter; it helped you almost at once.

Of course, I am disappointed that you are going to stay another week, for you know I miss you dreadfully. But then you really need the rest, and I am sure it will do you good. So do not hurry back.

I telephoned down to the office this morning, and told them to continue forwarding your mail. I will write you again to-morrow.

Your loving wife, KATHERINE.



A VILLAGE CHILD

By JENNETTE LEE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. D. STEELE



The child settled down to the study of biology

THE child stood on the steps in grave deliberation. To the right stretched the street with its arching elms. To the left the little hill sped to the brook. He put his thumb into his mouth and retired into deeper deliberation. Minnie, his mother, was reading a book. It was a pretty book with yellow covers. But Minnie pushed away little boy's fingers. Father was in the shop. . . . If he went down the hill to the fishes he would have to go by the shop. . . . It was safer to go up the street. He removed his thumb and sat down, putting one foot over the edge of the high step. He advanced it cautiously to the step below and slid down. He looked about him. No one was in sight but the boarder across the street, the German woman with large spectacles. She sat on the piazza, rocking, with little thumps, and knitting a large gray shawl. The child eyed her cautiously. Then he bumped down another step and dug his pink toes in the gravel. He moved very slowly, hardly faster than the growing things about him. He was wishful not to attract the attention of the German woman. She was given to looking after his welfare. All the street looked after it. In an excursion such as he was now planning there were many dangers to be run. He might at any minute attract the attention of the German woman, and be headed off at the start. He rested from his labors, screened by a friendly bush. He peered across to her. She had finished a needle and drew out its wooden length. She thrust it into her thick crown of hair, scratching her head meditatively. The child gathered a stick from the path beside him and stuck it into his shining locks. A grin of satisfaction overspread his face. He poked it back and forth in slow enjoyment. The woman's rockers thumped on the piazza. She cleared her throat with a deep haw and resumed her needles.

The child edged his way carefully down the path, rising first to all fours and then to his feet. He poised himself sternly against the attraction of gravity and directed his course toward the street. The German woman, out of the tail of her eye, caught a glimpse of moving pink. She looked up over her spectacles. With a guttural sound she dropped the gray shawl and got upon her feet. The child gave a quick look and scuttled fast. He knew the German woman to be short of breath. . . . The race was to the swift. She returned to her rocking-chair, shaking her head and gathering up the serviceable gray shawl. . . . All American children were shamefully neglected. But this little thing in the pink dress was worse neglected than any. She had been there on the piazza three weeks, and she had taken him under her ample wing and into her heart. She had become a sad barrier to his happiness. His freedom of movement was much cramped. Before her coming he had wandered free as the air beneath the swaying elms. The street watched over him, but respectfully. It never interfered with his movements. The right of the freeborn American citizen was his. He paddled up and down the walk, stopping or starting as the whim took him. If he strayed too far, some friendly messenger carried the news to his mother, or an incoming farmer lifted him up and brought him back to the village. In all his movements he had a place a little apart. It was a tribute paid to his sturdy legs and fat, round indifference. He was always intent on business of his own—unseen to the outer eye, but evident from his absorbed face and swift-traveling legs. The German woman was impervious to the charms of individuality. She had brought up a large family—all by the same set of maxims—to a state of rotund respectability. They had had all the children's diseases and they had lived through them. She would have been almost as ashamed that a child of hers should escape the mumps as that it should die of them. Every child should have the measles before the age of ten. The omission was a sign of grave incompetence. The child across the way had never had the measles, although they had been prevalent in the village for six months. The child had gone in and out untouched. He had the air of being able to take them at any minute should he choose, but of being for the time absorbed in other and more important matters. The German woman shook her head with a husky sigh and pursued her needles.

The child, having reached an elm-tree with big friendly roots, settled down to the study of biology. He was taking a laboratory course in the science. He used a stick and his finger to poke the specimens into

activity. He was apparently absorbed in bugs. But, in the bottom of his proud little heart, he was waiting the arrival of his court. Soon the children would be through supper. They would come rushing out for the evening games. If he should rise to his feet and toddle after them, they would scorn him, perhaps make the water come in his eyes; but if he played with his bugs and paid no attention, they would gather about him from every quarter of the street. He devoted himself to the bugs.

In the kitchen Minnie read on in the yellow book, turning its leaves breathlessly. The heroine had yellow masses of hair and deep violet eyes. The eyes following the lines were small and dull and the hair pushed back from the forehead was dust color. Minnie's life, with its scrubbing and cooking and sweeping, was dust color. But in the pages of literature her soul found itself. Her small ears, deaf to all about her, feasted on the melodious voices of another world. The step that sounded at the door did not rouse her.

The man stood looking in. He was young and swart. His clothes were covered with the soot of the forge. His bared arms were black and brawny. His open face wore a searching scowl. A line of soot that had lodged between the eyes deepened the look. He stepped in with heavy foot, shaking the room.

She yawned a little and looked about her vaguely.

The man, with his eyes bent upon her, waited.

She looked at him, half trembling, and glanced about the room. She laid down the book on the window-sill.

He advanced another heavy foot toward her. "Where is the child?" he demanded.

She rose with a little air of resentment. "He's up the street, I suppose. I'll get him when I've made the fire."

He paid no attention to her, but turned aside to the sink.

She scurried about the room with quick, furtive steps, lighting a fire and putting on the tea kettle. When this was done she went out of the door into the gathering dusk.

He crossed the room and picked up the book from the sill. He looked about as if seeking a place to toss it. Then he lifted the stove-lid and thrust it into the glowing flame. He returned to the sink and covered his hands and arms with a heavy lather of soap. He rubbed them with a deep, meditative look. The little scowl remained between his eyes.

II

SHE peered into the dusk ahead, searching for a pink dress. She went on under the elms with fluttering steps, looking from side to side. . . . If anything had happened to the child the village would blame her. . . . Not that she cared what they thought. They were stiff, prim old women. . . . But they would blame her. She hurried on. In the distance ahead, framed in the arching green, appeared a group of children. It advanced slowly into the dusk of the trees, opening and closing about a central figure. The figure marched with sturdy independence, giving no heed to the shifting group that pressed upon it.

She hurried forward. The child lifted his face gravely. It broke into a smile. He reached up a hand

and opened it to hers. She drew back her own quickly. The black beetle fell to the ground. It traveled swiftly. The child pounced upon it and held it fast. He looked at her reproachfully and reached it again to her hand. She allowed it to remain, looking at it with fearful gaze.

A boy in the group put out his hand for it and she gave it up gladly. He fell behind, experimenting with the crinkly crawling legs.

The child was far ahead, steering with swift, intent steps. Minnie overtook him and held out a hand. He shied a little from it and pursued his way. The group caught up and circled about him. A girl of thirteen, with scrawny neck and thin, rickety legs, feasted her eyes on the little figure. She dropped on her knees beside it, encircling it with long arms and bringing it to a halt. "Ain't he cunning?" she said. Her eyes shone and her voice rippled.

Minnie nodded indifferently. "We've got to hurry," she said, "his father's waiting."

The girl looked at him hungrily. She attempted a kiss. But he pushed back the approaching face with decision and pursued his way.

The group broke up as it advanced, falling off to left and right. Only two were left when they reached the path to the high steps—the boy with the beetle and the girl. The piazza across the way was vacant. The chair with the thumping rockers stood silent. The child's face turned toward it with a smile sweet and shrewd. The girl's eyes were on it dotingly. The long legs shifted excitedly. "Ain't he the sweetest thing?" She spoke in a loud whisper.

Minnie shooed him ahead along the path. "You're foolish about him, Mandy," she said reprovingly.

The girl followed him with admiring eyes till he disappeared in the doorway. She turned the eyes on Minnie with shining wistfulness. "I just wish I had him to take care of," she said.

"I wish you did," said Minnie dully. "Let that beetle alone, Peter." She made a swift grab at the distended, crackly legs twisting in Peter's fingers and snatched it away.

In the hall she paused, looking carefully back to make sure that Peter did not see. She dropped the beetle from the open window. She went on to the kitchen with careless, indifferent step.

The child had run to a sofa across the room and climbed upon his father. He was sitting astride his chest, pounding with swift fists. The great chest gave out a sound almost like a drum. The child chuckled with delight as it inflated beneath him. The young man lay with eyes half

closed, looking out. His big hands raised to the child rolled it gently from side to side. The line between the eyes had disappeared. His face wore a smile.

When the table was set he carried the child to his high chair, lifting him up and tying on his bib with clumsy fingers, and when the meal was done he bore him away to the bedroom. Sounds of rough and tumble play came through the open door as the child was undressed and put to bed. The young father came out into the kitchen. He looked about him. "Minnie," He said the name softly.

"What'd you want?" The voice came from the darkness outside. He stepped to the door and looked out.

She was sitting, huddled together, on the top step, her face turned away. The light from the kitchen revealed faintly the obstinate pose.

He said nothing. The stars twinkled above the dark hill. The darkness before them rose velvety—slow-breathing and moist. From the garden fence a whip-poor-will sounded his note.

She lifted her face sullenly. "What'd you do with my book?"

"I burned it."

"I won't stand it." Her voice was tense.

"I don't know as I shall—much longer."

The words came slowly.

"Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will." The notes filled the silence.

"What do you mean by that?" She flung the words at him.

"You don't take care of the child—nor of me."

"Babies!" she sneered.

"He is a baby."

"He's most two."

"And the neighbors—"

"I'll thank the neighbors to mind their own business," she said hotly. "I don't want their advice—nor their help, either."

"You don't take care of the house, you know." The voice was gentle, almost wistful.



His mother was reading a book



"Ain't he cunning?" she said

"I'm nobody's slave!" she said proudly. Faint memories of the yellow book sounded in her voice.

"You're my wife."

"Worse luck," she muttered.

A light glinted in the dark eyes. As he stood, looking down at her, leaning against the side of the door, he was as handsome as one of her heroes of fiction had she had the eyes to see. The figure with broad shoulders and massive blacksmith strength, the boyish head with crisp locks and open face, might have been inserted, without change, between the yellow covers. Only the rough clothes and bulging shoes needed to be removed.

She did not look at him. She did not see the storm gathering behind her. Her shoulders bent a little when it fell, lashing her. . . . When he had finished, she looked up. Her face flashed to him, white, through the darkness.

"I shall go away in the morning . . . and I shall never come back," she said bitterly.

"Do as you like." He had turned away from the door. He looked back to her. "But if you do come back, you'll take better care of the child than you've done yet." He said the words with slow emphasis.

"Whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will," sounded the notes, full-throated, and cool, and impudent.

III

BY noon it was known through the village that Tom Barton's wife had left him. The news started with the German woman, who, being an early riser and looking out of her window at five o'clock, had seen Minnie emerge from the front door in golf cape and best hat. Under the cape she carried something that bulged out—the child, the German woman thought at first sight; but, getting on her spectacles, she saw it was a large newspaper bundle. In general the street would have scorned to receive news from the German woman. She was held by the best families to be outside the pale of society. She blew her nose loudly and had other habits foreign to the truly genteel. For three weeks she had held her station on the piazza unnoticed.

But when it was found that she was the only source of news the paling opened a little—far enough to permit conversation. The thumping chair held a little court during the morning hours—though all she had to tell was a glimpse of the newspaper bundle and a shrewd guess that it had been carried to the Corners to take the stage.

Tom Barton held his peace, only admitting, when pressed too close, that Minnie had gone away.

"To stay?"

"Yes—to stay." The sparks flew from the anvil beneath heavy blows.

The child wandered the street as before, the only difference being that at noon time some one conducted him respectfully to his door, leaving with him, sometimes a loaf of bread, sometimes a dish of potatoes. Tom, in grim silence, prepared the meals and washed the dishes. The second night he gave the child a bath in the big dishpan, covering the pink skin with the same heavy lather he prepared for himself and sluicing the water across the fat legs till the child gurgled with delight. It was a merry game. When he had been dried on the big kitchen towel, the child went to sleep in Tom's arms.

The fourth day he fell into the swimming hole in the brook and was rescued gasping. The next day he was seen tethered outside the shop by a long rope. The rope reached as far as Mr. Tarbell's garden patch; and it was found at night that the cabbages bore a scattered tattoo of toothmarks—also the lettuce and radishes. Tom shortened the tether.

The next day the child was not seen on the street. At intervals Tom left his anvil and returned to the house. The German woman intercepted one of these trips.

"Took sick?" she looked at him severely over her spectacles. "Tut, tut, why didn't you tell folks?" She stuck the wooden needles in the gray ball of yarn and got to her feet. When she had lumbered across the street and back, the whole village knew that something was wrong. She had not walked so far since she descended from the stage four weeks ago.

The little house became the centre of the village and the room where the child lay the wheel within the wheel. The women of the village came and went in relays. They worked in harmony with the German woman. It was impossible to ignore her. She had knowledge of

disease and shrewd common-sense. Incidentally she displayed tenderness—in lifting the little figure and soothing the hot skin.

"Just measles—struck in," she declared, "when we get 'em out he'll be all right."

But when at last the rash appeared, she sent for a doctor. "Better not fight the black kind alone," she said austere.

The doctor came from a long distance. He made no change in the treatment. He left powders, to be given in case of convulsions.

The German woman nodded solemnly over her glasses. She went home and put on a clean apron. The women of the street exchanged glances of relief. Tried by New England standards the apron had long been lacking. The convulsions were delayed in coming and were mercifully few; but the German woman shook her head. The kitchen held always a group of women—two or three—ready to help in emergency, bustling about when the time came, or sitting quietly with whispered words and significant glances. Tom Barton had returned to his anvil. Showers of sparks flew from the blows. The line between his eyes had deepened.

On the tenth day women came and went with hurried faces.

Tom still held to his work—doggedly. There was nothing he could do but drive the heavy strokes. Just at twilight, as the forge slackened and he prepared to take off his leather apron, a pair of black horses flashed by the open door, flecked with foam. A golf cape fluttered behind.

He strode to the door. The figure was climbing down from the wagon in feverish haste.

When he reached the kitchen the group of women regarded him with curious sympathy. The German woman, stirring something in a kettle on the stove, looked at him over her glasses. "She's come back to you," she said dryly. She nodded toward the bedroom door. "I know." He went into the room. When he came out his face was inscrutable. They looked at him inquiringly. "She's going to stay," he said briefly.

One by one the women left the house, going softly. The German woman was the last to go. "Tell her to call us if she needs aught," she said kindly. She moved toward the door. She turned back. "Don't want too much," she said softly, "sometimes it's better not." She waited a minute. "The child is very sick." She spoke in a big, timid way, looking at him out of her round face.

"I know," he said. The face turned toward her wore a repressed look. When she had gone he rearranged the bottles on the table and cleared a place for supper.

Minnie came from the bedroom, softly. She took off her hat and hung it in the hall. "He's gone to sleep," she said. They ate supper in silence. Now and then the sound of quick breathing broke upon it and Minnie stepped to the open door.

Tom prepared a bed for himself on the sofa. The night settled down. He lay with one arm thrown across his eyes to protect them from the light. From beneath it he watched her face as she came and went. It wore a strained look, almost hard. The indifference was gone from it. In the early morning he awakened and sat up. She was coming toward him across the floor. The dim light struck her face gauntly. She looked at him. . . . She drew back a little. "Yes . . ." she said quickly. Her breath caught. . . . "Yes."

IV

HE threw open the wide doors at the back of the shop. The hills to the west lay clear in the new light. Below him stretched the meadow, with the garden patch at its edge. The cabbages put forth fresh leaves. The sound of the bobolinks came from the meadow grass, fresh-tuned and sweet. The young man in the door heard it dully. Something gray and deep had moved across his open face. He rested his hand against the side of the door and leaned on it, looking out to the hills.

He turned away to a pile of lumber in a corner, selecting from its confusion pieces of board. He carried them to the carpenter's bench at the side of the shop, brushing the dust from them with careful hand. He reached up to the nail by the forge and took down the frayed leather apron. His fingers, seeking to tie the ends, trembled clumsily, and his great foot stumbled a little as he turned to the bench.

He laid the pieces of board side by side, with one at the head and one at the foot. He measured and marked and sawed them in careful lengths. The sound of the saw and plane rose cheerily and the sweet smell of new-cut wood filled the air. The shavings beneath his plane curled white and ran, with swift, crinkling motion, to the bench. He reached out and touched one gently. He took it up in his big fingers and un-

curled it, watching its shining rounds. It dropped from him and fell, with a little bound, to the floor. He moved it aside with clumsy, careful foot, and bent again to the plane. Drops of sweat had come to his brow. He moved the plane softly, watching its smooth track. When the last board was smoothed, he took from the beam beside him the brown, dust-stained bottle, with a woolen rag thrown across its top, and poured the liquid on the smooth surface. He rubbed it briskly. A dull glow rose to meet it. The dark bared arms were reflected in it as they moved. Carefully he polished each little piece, bending above it with gentle strength. Once he laid the board aside and stepped to the open door. His big hands, covered with oil and dirt, opened and closed at his sides and his throat worked. He lifted it, waiting. The gray face had a drawn look, and the eyes, like some animal in pain, looked out to the hills.

A step touched the rough floor behind him. He wheeled about, looking down from his height on the man in the opposite doorway. He wore a black frock coat and derby hat, and the longish hair beneath its edge was very straight.

"I've just heard, Tom . . . I came right down." He advanced across the floor, holding out his hand.

The young man drew back a little. "My hands are all dirt," he said gruffly.

Silence fell between them. The man glanced at the little boards. "You're making—it," he said.

Tom nodded. The gray sternness had settled to his face.

The minister waited a little. He was a gentle soul and Tom Barton towered above him. He could not choose the words of consolation he would like to say. It was like throwing a spoonful of dust in the face of a whirlwind. Tom Barton never came to church. The minister looked up at him again timidly. Then he looked at the boards.

"I wish I could help you," he said.

"You can't."

"I know." The minister sighed. He moved to the bench, brushing his finger lightly along the dull-glowing boards. "You have made them very nice," he said wistfully, "I wish I could do it. . . . I've often thought if little Ruth should die, there wouldn't be anything more—any little thing I could do for her."

"No?" The voice was half contemptuous, half indifferent.

"She's just about as big as he was," went on the minister. His eyes were on the boards. The Lord



A bath in the big dishpan

made him strangely dumb before this young man. He was an unfaithful servant. He had never dared labor with Tom Barton for his soul, and now, though the Lord had opened the way, his lips were sealed. He took off his hat, feeling of its stiff brim as he turned it in his fingers.

"He was about the nicest little chap I ever knew," he said thoughtfully. He had forgotten Tom Barton's soul. The little boards had shaped themselves to his sight and he saw the child lying in them, asleep. "I just loved him," said the minister; "everybody loved him. He kind of belonged to every one, I guess."

The young man had moved swiftly to the open door and stood looking out. His great shoulders trembled against the light. . . . When he turned back his face was quiet. The grayness had left it. He looked down at the little man and held out his hand. "I don't believe you mind the oil," he said in a full, deep voice, "I'm glad you came. Thank you."

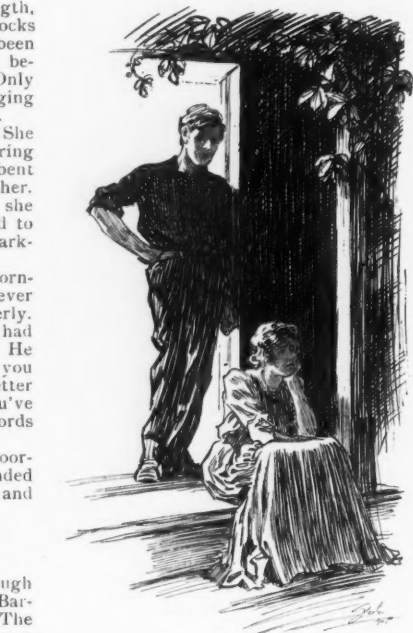
The little man looked up with a start, doubtfully. He laid his hand in the big one outstretched to him. As its grip tightened on his fingers he winced a little, but his eyes did not leave Tom's face.

"I am glad I came," he said slowly, "it makes him different, somehow, bigger—not taller—but more." The minister's red-rimmed eyes were looking straight before him. His lips groped for words. "I see him in a kind of clear light—not dead—and not living . . . but just there, going up and down the street and everybody loving him. . . . He'll always be on the street, I guess."

Tom's lips closed in a big smile that trembled. "Yes, he'll always be there . . . He always was there—" The bitterness had gone out of the words.

V

HE had returned to the bench and was fitting the little pieces together, joining them carefully and setting the screws in place. A still light held his eyes. It fell on the boards and on the big hands moving among them, deft and silent. The boards shaped themselves beneath the look and glowed. The little



"I'm nobody's slave!"



He was tethered by a long rope

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shape stood out, oblong and quaint, shining softly. Tom's eyes deepened to it. His lips moved inarticulate and slow. They broke into sound, a slow, half-singing chant that filled the shop. His hands moved absently, turning a last screw to place, brushing away invisible specks of dust and rubbing shadows from the shining surface.

When all was done, he lifted it to his shoulder, stooping a little to take it. He passed out of the shop. The hens scratching in the warm dust scuttled from his path. The sun shone straight in his face and blinded him as he lifted his head. He stumbled a few steps. Then he recovered himself and walked erect, bearing the little coffin easily.

At the doorway he stooped to enter. Minnie, sitting huddled together by the window, looked up. She gave a start and came forward, her eyes on his shoulder.

"How nice you've made it Tom." She spoke wistfully, looking up to it. He placed it on the table, pushing back the tumbled piece of sewing that lay there, with thread and pins and scissors.

Minnie gathered up the sewing hastily. She was still looking at the little box. Her eyes were gaunt.

Tom looked about the room. "You're all alone?"

She nodded. "They came . . . a while. . . . They didn't stay."

"Why not?"

"I—I didn't want 'em." She looked toward the closed door beyond them. . . . "They wanted to go in." The words were half whispered.

"Didn't you let 'em?"

She shook her head. "They acted as if he belonged to 'em."

"He did."

She bent her head, fingering the stuff in her hands. A drop fell and rolled down its length. She wiped it away hastily.

His eye followed it. "What are you making?" he said gently.



His hands moved absently

She held up the work, smoothing its crumpled lines. "It's for Him," she said softly, "I'm trying to make it nice. I wanted Him to have it. He never had anything nice—never." Her voice was dry and wistful. "I got the lawn at the store. . . . I've been trying all the morning. . . . I don't seem to do it very well. I keep pricking my finger. The blood gets on it." She held up the stiff, white surface. It was marred with the tiny spots, red and irregular. She gathered it together with a sigh and moved toward the window. "I'll try again. Maybe they won't show. . . . You've made it so nice." She glanced enviously toward the table.

With a swift motion Tom came across the room. He knelt beside her on the floor and lifted the pricked and roughened finger. He bent his head and kissed it.

She looked at him with strained eyes, leaning back. A look gathered in her face—as if the sun struck on bleak land. She covered it with her hands. A step sounded in the hall, heavy and lumbering.

Tom bent forward gently, "Don't cry, Minnie. Don't cry." He laid his hand on the rough hair bent in the light.

A hand fumbled at the latch.

He rose and lifted the little box and went away to the darkened room beyond. The door opened. The German woman stood in it, puffing a little. On her arm she bore something soft and white and fluffy.

She came across the room, holding it out. "I made it for Him," she said, nodding kindly, "I wanted Him to have it."

Minnie's eyes rested on it hungrily. "What is it?"

"It's His little dress." She spread out the soft folds. "I made it for Him. I wanted Him to have it."

The little dress lay before them, figuring a soft form. It was made in quaint German fashion with a line of lace at the throat and wrists.

The girl put out a hand and touched it. "How pretty," she said gently.

The German woman laid her hand on the rough one for a minute. Then she searched for her handkerchief. When her face was quiet again she looked at Minnie. "I've had the stuff for thirty years," she said. "I was married in it."

"Your wedding dress?" said Minnie. She lifted a fold and let it fall softly.

"Part," said the woman, "I used the rest for my baby—same as this."

"Did he die?" Minnie looked up wonderingly.

The woman nodded, her eyes on the little dress, absently. "He fell and was hurt," she said—"twenty-seven years this month. . . . I've made it the same as his—little lace and all." Her fingers patted it. "I wanted to do it. He made me think of my baby—trotting around. He was a nice child. . . . Now you take it." She held it out.

Minnie gathered it into hungry hands. The stiff lawn slid from her lap to the floor unnoticed.

A shadow crossed the window.

The German woman leaned forward, peering out. "It's Mrs. Pettis and Mrs. Bodman," she said. "They're coming in."

They came in with quiet faces, looking kindly at the girl's tear-stained face and rough hair.

"We've brought you a few things, Minnie," said the older woman, "some bread and soup and a piece of cold meat." She laid the things on the table.

"And Clara's brought some flowers to put around."

She motioned to her companion, a slender, pale woman, who came forward hesitatingly.

She looked at the girl's face pityingly. "I thought you might like 'em."

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A VILLAGE CHILD

(Continued from page 19)

she said. "They're just lilies and a few roses—late ones." She held them in her hands, looking down over them at the girl.

"Thank you, Mis' Pettis." Her mind worked feebly under the kindness.

Why were they all good to her? No one had been good to her before. The woman's eyes fell on the little dress. "How pretty!" she said. "Did you make it?"

Minnie motioned shyly to the German woman. "She made it," she said. They looked swiftly from the dress to the big, bulky form in the chair.

The German woman beamed upon them. "He will have a nice dress," she said comfortably; "he was a nice child."

Mrs. Bodman lifted a fold of it, wondering. "It is beautiful stuff," she said practically, "almost too beautiful." She let it fall through her fingers, looking at it thoughtfully.

The German woman shook her head. She smiled—a big, shrewd smile that took them all in—the little dress, the practical New England thrift, the girl's sad face, and the untidy, desolate room. "No, no," she said, "it is not too beautiful. It has been buried in a trunk for thirty years. But it has not been beautiful—not till this day."

The woman who had been holding the flowers looked at her suddenly. Her face glowed. "How true that is!" she said. She moved forward shyly, almost awkwardly. She laid the flowers on the table. "We wanted to help you, Minnie," she said. "what is there to do?"

The girl looked about her vaguely. The face had lost its pinched look and held a kind of wonder. It listened to something, faint and far off, but coming nearer. She put up a hand to her forehead, pushing back the rough hair. "I don't know what there is to do," she said slowly. "I've been trying to sew. But He won't need it. . . ." She held up the little dress.

She rose and went to the door of the darkened room, and opened it softly. There was no one there. Across the room a door stood open and against it the branches of an apple tree spread themselves. The light came through the leaves, cool and green. She advanced a step into the room. Then she turned and spoke to them out of the darkness: "Come in," she said gently, "come in and help me."

The three women followed her into the room.

VI

THERE had been a sharp shower in the early morning. The village had heard it—as it half wakened and turned on sleepy pillows—beating softly in the darkness.

Then the sun came over the mountain and shone on a world new-washed. Down the road the grave-digger's shovel glinted in the light. He was on his way to the cemetery, half a mile below. The village came to its doors. "A pleasant day, after all." A child with tinkling milk-pail ran out and hurried along the street. The moist light hung cool on the mountain above the village. It glimmered on the meadow sloping below, and bathed the hills to the west.

The door of the parsonage opened and the minister came out. On one arm he carried a child—a tiny, sprightly thing, with reddish hair and flitting hands. She lifted them lightly, riding aloft on the black arm. In the other hand the minister carried a pitcher of flowers. Tall pinks and phlox and sweet-williams crowded each other—a blaze of color that overran the sides of the pitcher and spread in the light.

He crossed to the little church, thin-steeped and white, across the street, and, stooping at the doorway, set the pitcher of flowers on the sill while he searched his pockets for the key. He lowered the child beside the flowers and set her on her feet. She stood close to the door, facing it and beating softly against it. The minister found the key and inserted it in the lock. The child beside him staggered and cooed, striking the door with soft pads. It swung open and the black figure stooped and gathered the child in his arms. He lifted the glowing blossoms and disappeared in the cool, dark church.

When he came out the child still rode lightly on his arm. He left the door open behind him and crossed to the parsonage. The sun shone on his black coat. It reddened the child's hair and lingered on it. She lifted swift hands to the sombre face beside her, patting it as she rode.

All the morning the dark door stood open. Slowly the flowers of the street gathered there and disappeared in the cool depths. They came in rough hands, in baskets and vases and pails—long, trailing, flaunting stems, and pansies and mignonette. The street had a gala air, with hurry and color and perfume. But something tremulous ran beneath it and hushed its sound.

At ten o'clock the bell in the thin steeple struck and the village turned to meet it. They came in pairs and groups, walking quietly under the trees—old men with bent steps and little children toddling. The little church, with its weight of blossoms, gathered them in. Through the open windows came the low murmur of words, and then slow singing. It rose and died away, touching the radiant air outside with a kind of stern hopelessness. The voice droned again and silence came. A breeze swept up from the meadow to the elm trees and filled the leaves, spreading them lightly.

From the open door the procession straggled forth. Two boys in Sunday stiffness stood on the steps, blinking a little at the light. Past them filed deacons and women with meek hands, and young girls, fingering awkward ribbons. They climbed soberly into the wagons that stood waiting.

There was a little silence and waiting. Tom Barton stepped into the light with Minnie on his arm. His head was uncovered and he lifted it. His face wore the open look, but deeper. The edges of its rough strength had been grazed and something glowed beneath.

He came slowly down the steps, the girl clinging to his arm helplessly, and crossed to the three-seated, clumsy wagon that waited them. He lifted her in and took his place beside her.

Down the steps and across the short grass, four boys with shuffling feet and shy faces carried the little box. It was covered to the edge with flowers that slipped as they bore it. They replaced them with anxious hands, moving slowly.

At the wagon the driver took it from them. He lifted it to the vacant seat. But Tom reached out a hand. "Put it here," he said. The box was placed on their knees and the driver climbed to his seat. The little procession moved away. It straggled down the road in the sunshine. From the meadow the wind stole up and touched it. It passed slowly down the hill and out of sight.

The village lay very quiet. The long, shaded street was vacant. Only the breeze in the elm-trees moved, swinging shadows across it lightly.

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PIONEERS OF THE DRY PLACES

(Continued from page 16)

come—even such a fresher as that of 1891, when the Salt River discharged at its highest stage the appalling volume of three hundred thousand cubic feet per second—spillways planned for just such emergencies will safely carry the water round the dam. Stones weighing up to ten tons will be used in building the dam, and all space not occupied by rock must be absolutely filled with cement. Fully two hundred thousand acres, it is believed, can receive a steady supply of water from the reservoir, and when the power developed at the dam is transmitted to the substation down the valley and set to working pumps, this area will doubtless be considerably increased.

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The people of Salt River Valley, who have staked their lands upon this project, and who must work it out through the years to come, are men of the North and East, and the atmosphere of Phoenix is as much of the North and East as that of El Paso, for instance—which has a similar problem in a similar climate, and is working it out in a similar way—is of the South and of the land below the border. From the point of mere "local color" El Paso is a Southern community set down in a Mexican environment, Phoenix is a Middle-Western town set down in Arizona. The majority of the territorial officials of Arizona were born and bred in Illinois or Indiana or Ohio, practically every man of standing in the valley had his beginnings and, so to say, his "fixing bath" north of Mason and Dixon's line and east of the Mississippi; and as you stand in the main street of Phoenix you might perfectly well fancy yourself in Topeka or Fort Wayne, Indiana, or Elgin, Illinois, where the watches come from. The first Phoenix man I met was born in Chicago, and he had brought with him and had retained in this alien land and climate all the breeziness and bright enthusiasm which you would have expected had you met him in front of the Palmer House, or at the corner of Madison Street and Dearborn. The most vivacious of our hosts was a Bostonian who had acquired an Arizona ranch and the Southwest-ern tan, but retained the accent of Back Bay and Brookline. During the ride across the desert from Mesa the man on the front seat of the carriage was a Harvard man of the class of '08, and the man on the back seat was a Phoenix banker who abashed the writer with his intimate knowledge of the editorial utterances of this paper and relieved those moments when even the wonders of the Arizona landscape and the new charms of fresh figs—iced in a milk can under the seat—had begun to pall with discriminating and detailed criticism of the magazine fiction of the past six months.

Caste and Statehood

Aside from reclamation, the one thing that all these men of the Salt River Valley talk about and are absorbed in is the question of Statehood. They are aware of their capabilities and their sophistication, and look upon themselves, compared with the inhabitants of New Mexico, as a superior people. It is quite as though there were settled lines of caste. They believe they are ready for Statehood, and would like to see Arizona put a new star in the flag—"in peace," as one of their orators observed, "a shining Venus, in war a blood-red Mars!" But they look down on the neighbor Territory as a "greaser country," and rather than be hitched up with her, as there has been talk in Congress of doing, they would drop the whole matter of Statehood for the present and wait a while. "That," observed the young Harvard man, referring to joint Statehood, "we'll never submit to. We'll fight that to the last ditch!"

He was a very quiet and self-contained person, and he uttered this declaration of policy as though he meant it. Now in the East the things about which young men are willing to fight to the last ditch are bore-somely unimportant. It is rare, certainly, that they are matters of public policy. The city of Buffalo might be ceded to Ohio, or the lower tier of counties in western New York included in Pennsylvania—were such a proceeding legally possible—and while we can imagine the average young man in the city of New York reading of this change of State lines with interest, we can hardly fancy him preparing to fight it to the last ditch. The average young man in New York comes from Catskills, Georgia, or Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and he is far less interested in what happens to the State in which he is camping out than in how the bass are biting at the old lake back home where he intends to spend his fortnight's vacation, or whether the girl to whom he gave the Gibson book last Christmas has really announced her engagement to the other man. Were this young Harvard man practicing law in New York instead of Arizona, he would have the honor of being one of several able and eminently respectable young men adorning the office of some very famous firm of lawyers and of working up with great erudition and completeness the cases in which his employers get the glory and the fees. But his chances of using the pronoun of the first person in prophesying what the city or the State would do to-morrow would be rather less than those of Mr. Choate or Mr. Elihu Root, and when he said that we will or will not do this or that he would occupy to the subject of conversation precisely the position of some elderly bookkeeper who, reading the cable despatches from the tennis tournament in London as he rides down from Harlem at

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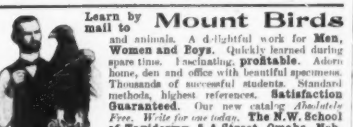
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PIONEERS OF THE DRY PLACES

(Continued from page 21)

7:30 o'clock in the morning, looks up from his paper and observes to the man beside him that it's too bad we couldn't beat those Englishmen. Folks who live in the waste places undoubtedly miss many things, but there are many compensations. And a community which combines all the more obvious paraphernalia of civilization with the exhilarating uncertainties of a newly discovered country, where you may ride home from your office in an automobile, stopping at the news stand to pick up the latest "Life" or "Scribner's," and yet be able to spend the evening with your friends discussing the question of whether you want one hundred thousand square miles in your State or two hundred thousand, and whether it had better be called Arimexa or Arizona, must furnish a variety of life very entertainingly worth living.

The Brooding Desert

It was twilight when we returned to Phoenix after our pilgrimage across the desert and the desolate mountains. The glare and the parching heat were gone, the cool that always comes with night in the Southwest was in the air, and with it came the vague night wind, breathing out of nowhere, so velvety that it seemed almost fragrant, like the air in the north after a summer rain. The arc lights sparkled down the long vistas, the trolley cars bowed merrily by, inviting the world not to miss the show at the summer theatre in the park or the edge of the town, and in the main street in front of a drug store, where a soda-water fountain was cheerily sizzling, the Salvation Army stood singing round their flag. I walked down one of the long straight avenues. At the end of it the white State House stood, looking very solid and austere and finished in its frame of formal walks and shrubbery and trees. Trees lined the sidewalk on either side, gardens were in the front yards, and on the steps of the houses people sat in white dresses, enjoying the evening. Lulled by the darkness, and that "sweet security of streets," you might almost have thought yourself walking under the elms or maples of some country seat in Wisconsin or Illinois, but if you stood still and listened, almost anywhere, you could hear the gurgle and the trickle-trickle-trickle of water. It was settling round tree-trunks, spreading through the lawn grass, falling upon flowers—the oasis was being fed. It was water that had come a long journey—from over behind the mountains now out of sight on the eastern horizon; from that land of cacti and twisted valleys and blazing rocks—the price which these people of the dry places were paying to that silent, brooding desert, unseen, but felt, lying out there just beyond the furthest treetops.

THE INFERNO OF THE THIRD CLASS

As a result of the article published under this title in COLLIER'S for July 29 several transatlantic steamship captains have been arrested, fines have been imposed, some abuses have been remedied, and a strict Federal investigation is at present in progress.

THE article on the treatment of immigrants at sea entitled "The Inferno of the Third Class," published in COLLIER'S of July 29, brought immediate and tangible results. The issue appeared on the news stands on a Thursday. Steamers sailing Saturday carried messages to be transmitted by wireless at sea to vessels bound this way warning them to clean up and conform with the law before getting in to New York, as there was trouble ahead. On Monday Mr. Nevada N. Stranahan, Collector of the Port of New York, notified COLLIER'S that he would be glad to act on any evidence in hand. That afternoon the mass of facts was put in his hands. The vigor of his methods is shown in the following extract from a news article in the New York "Herald" of August 8:

"To learn exactly the conditions in which immigrants are brought to this country ten men on secret service are living the lives they live on incoming steamships. Unknown to the officials of the company or the officers of the vessels, these men have been going on board at Quarantine and eating the food served to the steerage passengers, sleeping in the quarters provided for them, and sharing their lot in all ways until they are discharged on Ellis Island. The inspection is being made under orders of Nevada N. Stranahan, Collector of the Port of New York."

Ship Captain Arrested and Fined

"As a result of the formal examination of the Austrian steamship *Georgia*, which arrived from Trieste and Naples on Thursday, Captain Romaldo de Parovich was arrested by United States Marshal Henkel yesterday. He was taken before a United States Commissioner, and, waiving examination, was held in \$500 cash bail for his appearance when wanted at a hearing to be subsequently held and for action by the federal Grand Jury. As the ship sails to-day, prompt action was demanded by Collector Stranahan when he was informed of the alleged violation.

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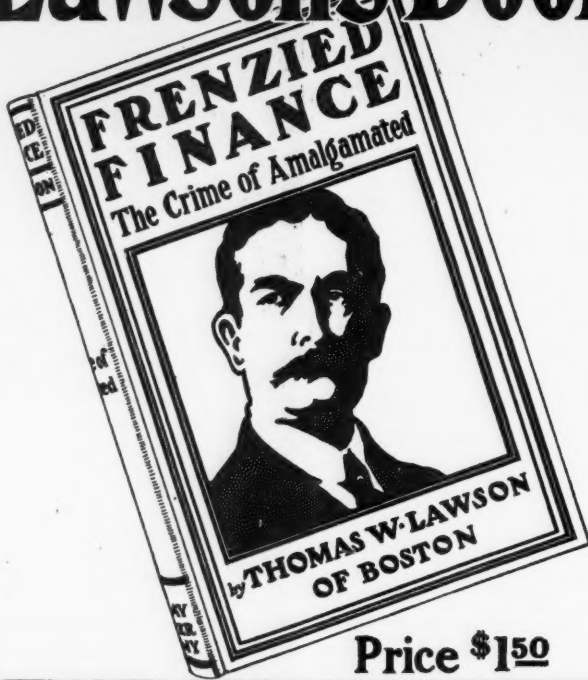
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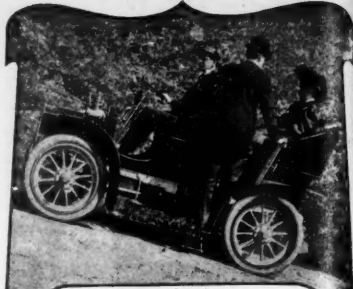
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WHAT THE JAPANESE ARMY THINKS OF PEACE

By FREDERICK PALMER

Collier's War Correspondent with the Japanese Army in Manchuria

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HEADQUARTERS OF THE FIRST JAPANESE ARMY, July 4, 1905

DOES the army want peace? You might answer that question by asking: Does the army love Japan?

The army is not a machine of steel parts, but a human machine: an aggregation of hearts. Most of the privates were never out of their native provinces till they came to Manchuria. They are in a strange land, where the women have no charm in their eyes, where the inhabitants speak an incomprehensible jargon, and the unfamiliar landscape only serves to remind them of the beauty of their own.

They have been here long. They have fought under blistering suns, in pouring rains, in icy winds, with the ground for their beds, and the thermometer below zero. Since the war began the cherry trees in the gardens of Japan have bloomed twice, a rice crop has been grown and harvested and a second harvest approaches. All this time the soldiers have offered no opinions, they have offered simply obedience and their lives to their country's destiny, as if that were no more than the tacit discharge of a simple debt—a thing calling for no comment.

Their hearts have beaten together at the call of duty; and that is why the world thinks of them as a machine built to manufacture victory when every one of the hundreds of thousands of parts of the machine is an individual. They have charged like demons, and like rock they have withstood the enemy's charges. The dangers run, the hardships endured, have given the word "home" a sweetness and a depth which were unknown to them before.

After all, the charges are the easy part. In that moment you contemplate death little more than the hound in the excitement of the chase contemplates the lacerations from the hedges or weariness at the end of the day. When idle day mounts on idle day in dreary Chinese villages, where you are quartered, there is time for meditation. The silence in the long recess between battles—relaxation following and preceding an orgy of death—is that of the looms in a factory at the noon hour; of Niagara if the cataract should suddenly stop flowing. Such is the situation of the army to-day; such was it when first word of the negotiations came.

From the mountains and valleys of the little streams whose waters the Sungari and then the Amur carries through Siberia, over the ridges into the valleys of the streams whose waters the Liao carries to the Gulf of Pechili, and then out on to the plain and across the railroad and to the edge of Mongolia extends the line of this gigantic army. Nine out of ten men have nothing to do except to drill a little and to bathe and chat and keep off the flies. The tenth is the outpost who keeps watch—the scout who keeps in touch with the enemy.

The natives are packed close to make room for the swarm, but packed no closer than the soldiers who occupy the houses for a zone five or six miles broad. At the road's entrance to each village is a shelter of cornstalks shading from the sun a sentry who stands or even sits at ease. In the fields are groups of bare-waisted or blue-coated Chinese peasants hoeing the corn, millet, and beans which make the fields a solid green. In the gardens where the poppies bloom the women are tapping the seed chambers for the opium sap. They go and come at their household tasks without fear. In this regard the conduct of the Japanese army is perfect.

Japan's Soldiers at Play Far from Home

Since the battle of Mukden the longest period of inactivity which the army has known has passed. Most of the soldiers have not fired a shot for over three months. The Oriental quality of patience serves the Japanese soldier in good stead. Besides, instead of sighing for home, he busies himself making Manchuria like home. He turns the rains into miniature lakes with islands set in the middle. He makes miniature landscape gardens in the yards of the houses. Some bits of a broken beer bottle form the bed of a waterfall; the bridge over it from rocky crag to rocky crag is made of straw. The rocky crags are six inches above the level of the ground; the waterfall an inch long and the bridge half an inch broad. Honorable, august, mighty, beloved Mount Fuji rises out of a bed of sand.

All this would seem child's play to the big whiskey Russian, and a view of the little men busy over artistic trivialities just for beauty's sake must make him wonder if the Japanese soldier has not two personalities, one for peace and the other for bayonet charges. Child's play it may be, but it has served a great purpose in helping this army to pass the time.

Every soldier knows that peace negotiations are under way. The news might be kept from the Russians, many of whom can not read, but not from the Japanese while the mail carts come and go. Every Japanese is an indefatigable newspaper reader. The brief telegrams which the staff receives will reach the man in the ranks through his newspaper in from eight to ten days. It is an advantage that he is not in the dark. Knowing the facts, he can be neither suspicious nor doubtful, and nothing is more ruinous to an army's morale than doubt and suspicion. The Secretary of War has issued an order to prevent the nursing of any false hopes. To the army, as an army, the negotiations must professionally mean nothing. It is to proceed with its work and plans as if no plenipotentiaries had been appointed. The army is the dog of war whom the diplomatists loose and who keeps on with the chase till the diplomatists call him off.

Ask a group of soldiers if they want peace, if they want to go home, and they smile and giggle politely and are tongue-tied. Ask them if they want the war to go on and still they are tongue-tied. Once your back is turned you have proof that they are not dumb. Then they begin a furor of chat about that funny foreigner who asked them such funny questions. Of course, they want to go home. They would not love Japan if they did not. Many of them are fathers whose presence is needed at home as breadwinners. Of course, they want to remain at the front fighting till the Emperor decides that it is time to stop. They would not love Japan if they did not.

"If peace comes," said an officer, "we shall be very happy. We shall be happy over our victory, happy to see Japan again. If peace does not come then we shall know that we can win by fighting alone, and we must fight all the harder."

There is no going beyond the logic of that view.

We wait: the thunders and the lightnings not in the hands of Zeus, but of Oyama. An order from him and the quiet of these hills will be rent by the roar of more guns and rifles than ever were joined in chorus before. We wait, and we may not move for months. No foreigner with the army, no commander of so small a unit as a regiment, knows more of august plans than the wheels of the tender know the mind of the engineer with his hand on the lever. We may move in two or three days—not to-morrow, we are sure. Usually we have as much warning of the coming storm as the Weather Bureau gives the public at home.

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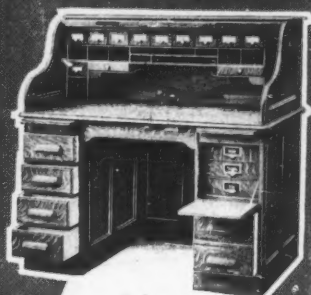
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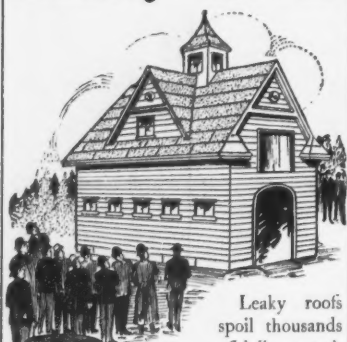
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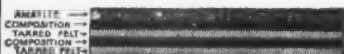
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The Solar Eclipse of 1905

By MARY PROCTOR

THE great astronomical event of the year will be the total solar eclipse of August 30. The pathway of shadow begins at sunrise south of Hudson Bay, enters the Atlantic Ocean a short distance north of Newfoundland, crosses northeastern Spain, northeastern Algiers, and northern Tunis, passes centrally over Assuan on the Nile, and ends at sunset in southeastern Arabia. The duration of totality on the coast of Labrador, in Spain, and at Assuan, is two and a half, three and three-fourths, and two and three-fifths minutes respectively. Yet in that short interval much may be learned with regard to the corona, that mysterious crown of pearly light that surrounds the sun and can be seen only at the time of a total eclipse.

There is nothing of special interest until the solar disk is mostly covered by the moon as it glides between the sun and the earth. Then a peculiar change is noticed in the appearance of the sky, which becomes tinted with a grayish hue as at evening. The shadows cast by the foliage begin to look unusual, for the light shining through every small space among the leaves, instead of forming a little circle on the earth, makes a little crescent, an image of the partly covered sun. Some ten minutes before totality the darkness begins to be felt and a sense of uneasiness pervades the scene. Birds cease their song and hasten to their nests twittering to each other as at twilight, grasshoppers cease their chirping, and even the flowers have been known to close their petals as at twilight.

At the same time the air becomes decidedly chilly, and sometimes dew appears. In a few moments, if the observer faces the western horizon, the moon's shadow is seen approaching much like a mighty wave or a heavy thunderstorm. It advances with terrifying swiftness, until it envelops him as with a shroud. Where the shadow falls very obliquely, as it does when an eclipse occurs near sunrise or sunset, the advance of the shadow along the earth's surface may reach as great a velocity as four or five thousand miles an hour. An observer named Forbes, who once had an opportunity for observing the onrushing shadow, from the Superga at Turin, which commands a magnificent view, gives this thrilling account of his experience: "I perceived," he says, "in the southwest, a black shadow like that of a storm about to break, which obscured the Alps. It was the lunar shadow coming toward us. I confess it was the most terrifying sight I ever saw. As always happens in the case of sudden, silent, unexpected moments, the spectator confounds real and relative motion. I felt almost giddy for a moment, as though the massive building under me bowed on the side of the coming eclipse."

A Wonderful and Awe-inspiring Sight

The rapidity of the shadow and its intensity produce a feeling akin to awe, as though something tangible were sweeping over the earth with frightful speed. It has been variously compared to a mighty wave, a wall of fog, a curtain let down from the sky, and "a sweeping upward and eastward of a dense violet shadow." For a moment the air appears to quiver, and shadow-waves ripple swiftly over the ground, "visible wind," as they have been poetically described. They resemble the faint and indistinct outline of the rippling waves of a calm sunlit sea, reflected on the walls of a stateroom on a steamer in motion. Their rapidity of motion has been compared to that of a fast flowing tide, and it has been suggested that the wind may have something to do with their direction, but observations on this point are as yet hardly decisive.

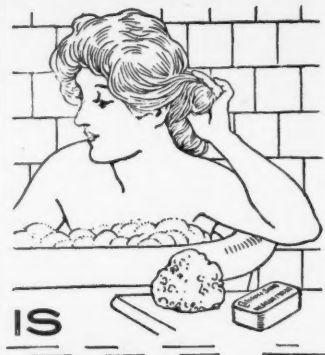
As the shadow-waves vanish, the great moment arrives, and the spectator finds himself suddenly plunged into darkness. Overhead the moon hangs like a dark globe in mid-air, while all around it glows the glorious indescribable corona. No painter ever wielded brush that could reproduce that matchless, silvery light. From the remotest times it has been described with enthusiasm as one of the most beautiful of natural phenomena. The portion of the corona nearest the sun appears dazzlingly bright, its pearly tinge forming a charming contrast to the scarlet hue of the solar flames outlined against this background.

The sky, meanwhile, is of a dark grayish hue, and as our eyes become accustomed to the gloom, we see the stars shining brightly as at night, but only for a moment do we allow our eyes to rest on them, as totality will soon be over. Only too swiftly the scene fades from view, and in a few seconds the sun bursts forth in a blaze of glory. The corona vanishes, and we realize that the great event we have traveled, maybe, thousands of miles to see is over. But the impression, which is singularly vivid, remains and can never be wholly lost.

Every observation referred to in this article can be made by amateurs, no astronomical outfit being required—only a firm determination beforehand as to what one will watch for. The temptation to try to watch everything at once is almost irresistible, but proves disastrous, as others have known to their cost. The approaching shadow and the appearance of the corona during totality are undoubtedly the most impressive phenomena, and can be observed on the same occasion.

A distinguished astronomer once remarked that, although he had been in charge of several eclipse expeditions, he had never seen a total eclipse of the sun. The fact is, he had been too busy observing them. The astronomer's mind is too absorbed in attending to special details, during the few precious moments of totality, to give him any opportunity for enjoying the merely spectacular. Here the amateur has a decided advantage, being able to admire the varying landscape effects, the mysterious shadow-bands, the swift onrush of shadow, and, finally, an undisturbed view of the corona in its glory till the scene all too swiftly fades from view. As my father wrote many years ago: "The corona is a fitting crown of glory for that orb which sways the planets by its attraction, warms them by its fires, illuminates them by the splendor of its light, and pours forth on them all the electric and chemic influences which are as necessary as light and heat for the welfare of their inhabitants."

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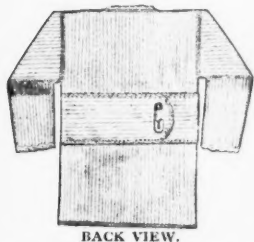
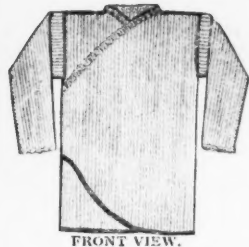
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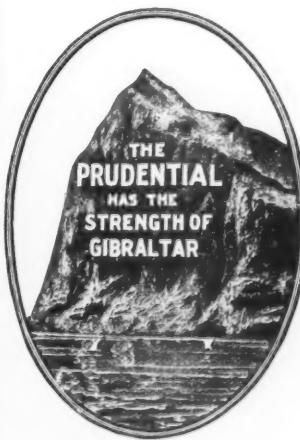
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